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DR. SEMPLE'S OPPORTUNITY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VALERIE AYLMER," "MORTON HOUSE," ETC.

SOMETIMES we come suddenly upon a scene in real life that, all simple and unpremeditated though it be, impresses us as a history, a story, or a picture, for which we may or may not possess the key, but of which we feel instinctively the meaning and force. We

every thing—perhaps even suggestive puddings and pies—so, to follow this universal fashion, we may call such human pictures as these suggestive. The term certainly suits them better than it suits many other things to which it has been applied.



"He gazed for a moment in startled, wistful, almost pitiful, amazement."—Page 590.

know in a moment what it means; we feel in a moment that one of the many combinations of our shifting human life has taken place before us, and that it tells, even to our eyes, the tale of what has been, and of what may be. Of late, the word "suggestive" has been very much in vogue. It has, in fact, become the name of a class to which many different things belong. We have suggestive poetry, suggestive painting, suggestive essays, suggestive styles of doing and saying

It was such a picture as this which awaited Dr. Semple as he walked on a bright afternoon of early October to the door of Colonel Randolph's pleasant, rambling old house, and asked the servant who answered the bell if Miss Mona was at home. Before any reply could be given by Tom, a small head appeared under his arm, and a small, sharp voice chirped forth:

"You'll find Sister Mona in the greenhouse, doctor. She took

Mr. Barry there a good while ago, and they haven't come back yet."

"How-d'y-e-do, Louey?" said Semple to the diminutive speaker.

"Do you mean the greenhouse yonder across the lawn?"

"Yes, the new one," responded Louey. "Mr. Barry said he wanted to see the purple fuchsia, and Sister Mona took him there, and they've been gone ever so long."

"All right," said the doctor, with a smile. "I hope they have been enjoying themselves. Tell your mother I gave her message to Taylor, and I'll be in after a while to see her about it."

With this he nodded and walked off across the lawn, shaping his course toward a large circular conservatory which stood at some considerable distance from the house. As he went, swinging his stick and whistling softly to himself, he noticed the beauty of all things about him—noticed it absently, as people who are not keenly alive to the charm of Nature often do; but he remembered afterward, with strange distinctness, the whole aspect of the afternoon and of all the inanimate objects which it had tinged with its own glory. He saw the floods of mellow sunshine that lit into dazzling brilliancy the burning gold and vivid scarlet of the trees, the clumps of flowering shrubs upon the smooth lawn, and especially one whose bright-red blossoms were relieved by the deep green of a hedge near by; the dark-brown house, standing in quiet serenity amid all this lavish beauty, the glittering crystal pavilion toward which he was advancing; even the fair outlook of rolling country as his eye travelled beyond the Randolph domain, the embowered town on one side, and, on the other, hills sloping gently into quiet valleys or level fields, woods draped in the gorgeous robes of Autumn, but softened in their splendor by the mantle of blue haze that rested over all things, and gave a tinge of sadness to the glowing landscape.

George Semple had little or none of that blessed love of Nature and appreciation of beauty which people who have it not call "sentiment," but, in his own fashion, he admired the bounteous feast of form and color spread before him.

He did not put this admiration into definite form, even in his own thoughts; but he felt it, and it dwelt with him. His heart was light, for he had heard good news that day, and he knew no distrust of any living creature, no fear of harm or wrong from any, when suddenly he turned a corner of the conservatory, came in front of an open door, and saw the picture which all this time had been awaiting him.

It was a pretty picture; nobody could have denied that. The October sunshine with its deep golden pathos might have gone far before it would have found a lovelier object to rest upon than Mona Randolph as she stood beside a tall green shrub and bent her head over a spray of fuchsia which she held in her hand. All around and behind were broad green leaves and glowing flowers, and the slender, graceful figure thus framed in their midst might have passed as the priestess of this floral shrine, if priestesses ever wore dresses of silvery poplin and scarfs of bright-scarlet cashmere. Over the bent head, with its rich dark hair, this scarf was draped, and, being long, it also fell around the shoulders, thus giving the effect of a hood, and proving vastly becoming to the pretty face with its soft, dark eyes and sweet, childlike mouth.

Watching this face with an intent gaze was a man who leaned his folded arms on a geranium-stand and stood before the priestess—a tall, well-built, handsome-looking man of twenty-eight or thirty, who, as far as personal appearance went, might have done for the hero of a popular novel. He made a very striking contrast to small, dark, plain George Semple pausing outside in the mellow sunshine; and, unfortunately, it is quite as often in real life as in novels that muscles, and curling hair, and a straight nose, carry every thing before them.

In a moment Semple understood it all, though a suspicion of this had never come to him before. He had trusted his betrothed, and trusted his friend, as only a simple, loyal nature knows how to trust; and his eyes had been blinded, not only by circumstances, but by his singleness of purpose and honesty of nature. Now, all of a sudden, they were opened. The October sunshine fell athwart that sweet idyllic scene set in the framework of the blooming greenhouse, and the man standing outside saw every thing—saw, not only the present, but the past and the future. He gazed for a moment in startled, wistful, almost pitiful amazement—as one might who had been rudely waked from dreams to reality—then turned without a word, and slowly walked away.

He was stunned into dumb quiescence. The blow was so sudden that he did not realize it; and, though he was careful to step lightly, so that no crackling leaf should betray his presence, yet after he had gone a little way he swung his stick as he had done before, and tried to whistle, only the whistle broke down in something like a gasp. The glory of the golden afternoon suddenly annoyed him, and he pulled his hat down over his eyes, striding straight on, almost running over Louey, who was playing a solitary game of marbles at the gate.

With a half apology, he passed out, went along the broad, sunlit road into the shaded streets of the quiet little town, and forward, without pause or hesitation, until he found himself before his own office-door. There he turned in and sat down. How melancholy the yellow sunshine was! How blank and empty the streets looked! How still and lifeless the air felt! He grasped his limbs, and shook himself to see if he was awake.

"It is all over, and it has not hurt me," he thought, with a sort of surprise. "In fact, I don't feel it; I am as well as ever."

Then he wondered a little at the strange dulness of his head, and, taking up a medical journal which lay on the table, tried to read. In a few minutes it dropped from his hand, and he was gazing blankly out of the door at the row of burnished elms in the street beyond.

"It is all over," he kept on saying; but, say it as often as he would, he could not make himself realize it.

He had been sitting there several hours, and the golden sunshine had faded and given place to the frosty, purple dusk of early autumn, when a ringing step on the pavement outside made him start, and the next moment a tall, broad figure darkened the door-way.

"Hallo, Semple!" said a familiar voice, "are you sitting here all in the dark? My dear fellow, why don't you strike a light? It is confoundingly chilly. Hasn't that scape-the-gallows made a fire yet?"

"I—is it chilly?" said Semple, rousing up suddenly. "Jim came, I believe, but I sent him away. Take a seat, Barry, and I will have some fire kindled at once."

"Not on my account, I beg," said Barry, subsiding into a seat. "Why didn't you come out to the Randolphs this afternoon?" he went on, abruptly. "I told them you were coming, and they were amazingly disappointed that you failed to make your appearance. The colonel asked no end of questions about your new inheritance; and Miss Mona turned her pretty eyes toward town until they might have drawn you out by sheer magnetism."

Semple rose hastily and walked to the window. Nobody could have told how Barry's light tone jarred upon him, or how the sound of her name spoken in that way irked him almost beyond endurance. He stood quite still for a minute, looking out at the gathering dusk and the gaslights that were flashing and gleaming from many windows up and down the street. Then he suddenly turned and came back.

"I did go out to the Randolphs," he said, as he sat down again, "but I was told that you and Miss Mona were gone to the conservatory; so, as I remembered some business in town, I thought that I might as well come back again."

"There was no need of that," said Barry, carelessly. "I believe we were in the conservatory for a little while; but we would have been very glad to see you there. For my part, I must confess that I made the move to escape the prosiness of your future mother-in-law. I give you joy of her, Semple!"

"Thank you," said Semple, absently. "She is a very good woman. Barry," he went on, with an abrupt change of tone and manner, "Barry, were you ever in love?"

"Who?—I?" asked Barry, with a start and a laugh. "What a queer question, George! Of course, I have been in love—dozens of times. Why do you ask such a thing?"

"I was wondering how it would affect you," answered George, in a dreamy sort of way. "It is very different with different people, you know. Some men are made selfish by it, and are willing to sacrifice every thing and everybody to their own passion. Others love well enough to forget themselves, and are able to surrender even the woman they love for her own happiness."

"You are talking of something quite beyond my comprehension," said Barry, lightly. "You couldn't possibly find a man who feels less heroic than I do. I don't know to which of your classes I belong; but I do know that I like to enjoy a pleasant flirtation with a pretty woman, just as I like to smoke a good cigar; and, when I grow

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"Don't you think there are some women fit for better uses than that?"

"Who knows?—who cares? Not I. It has never been my lot to meet such women, and I don't suppose I should appreciate them if I did. Some of them—the pretty ones—are pleasant enough in their way; but, honestly, George, a good fellow, like yourself, is worth the whole of them. By-the-by, I am sorry to say it, but I believe I must be off to-morrow."

"To-morrow!"

Semple could not help echoing the word; and, as he echoed it, there came back to him that scene in the greenhouse—Mona's face and Barry's attitude. He thought he had surrendered all hope, yet now his heart sank with a strange, dead feeling. "It was all true," he thought. "My instincts did not play me false."

Meanwhile, Barry was going on with rather suspicious haste. "Short warning, isn't it? But I can't help it. I got a letter to-day—pahaw! I mean I ought to have got a letter, and, since I didn't, I must be off. You've been a very pleasant host, Semple, and I shall never forget you or Dornethorpe either. When will you come to see me, and let me pay you back in kind?"

"When you have a settled home, rover," rising and laying his hand on the broad shoulder barely visible in the dusk. "You are a good fellow, Phil—a better fellow even than I thought," he went on. "We'll talk of your going when to-morrow comes. Let us get home now, and have some supper. I must walk out to the Randolphs after a while."

The stars were shining brightly overhead, and filling the whole night with their quivering radiance, when Semple tramped along the frosty road an hour or two later, on his way to the Randolphs. As he went, he debated, with almost feverish energy, a question on which depended not only his own future life, but also the life of the girl whom he was going to meet. "I could do it for her happiness—God knows I could do it if it were for her happiness," he said, quickening his pace, and looking up at the stars which beamed down upon him with such serene indifference. Nothing answered him; nothing gave him a clew out of his uncertainty. The quiet night lay all around him; its glittering hosts marched steadily on overhead, and the battle was left for him alone to fight—for him alone to decide. It was still at its heat when he entered the broad Randolph gates, and came within sight of the hospitable lights shining from the Randolph windows. "I could do it if it were for her happiness," was the last thing he thought as he crossed the piazza and entered the open hall, passed to a room the door of which was also open, and from which the ruddy blaze and cheerful crackling of a large wood-fire came with a very home-like effect.

The room thus brightened was a pleasant one at all times, for the habitual presence of genial, well-bred people leaves an impress even on insinuate furniture, and this was the family sitting-room. Semple was as well acquainted with it as with the aspect of his own chamber; but to-night it had a sort of vague indistinctness to him. He saw the familiar couches, and books, and vases, the colonel's arm-chair, Mrs. Randolph's work-table, Louey's rocking-horse, and Mona's open piano—saw them, as it were, in a dream. He answered the colonel's cordial greeting, and spoke to Mrs. Randolph mechanically. Then he sat down—a little back from the glowing fire, and outside the circle of light cast by a shaded lamp—and waited. Mona was not there; but he knew her habits, and felt sure that she would come in before long.

Before long, she came. "Yes," he was saying to the colonel, "it was certainly unexpected that my uncle should have left his fortune to me. I don't know any thing that ever caused me more surprise." "By Jove! you take the surprise coolly enough," the colonel responded, in rather an injured tone—and, just at that moment, Mona entered. Semple's heart gave a great bound, and then sank—lower, by far, than it had ever done before. Indeed, it hardly needed the keen eyes of love to see that some change, of more than ordinary importance, had come over the girl. Her greeting was given with none of her usual frank ease, and she sat down close to the table, bending her head over some needle-work which she had taken up, speaking rarely, and never, as far as Semple's observation went, lifting her eyes. Although her father and mother were full of kind congratulations and inquiries, she did not even mention his late accession to

fortune; and this pained him more than it should have done. He might have remembered that women in their first youth are the most remorselessly and yet perhaps the most unconsciously selfish creatures in the world. They are so full of their own rights—those rights of enjoyment and happiness so dear in the eyes of youth—that they are ready to trample down anybody and everybody who opposes them. Sometimes the whole world seems in league against them; and, in their vehement indignation, in their determined resolution to walk on to the flowery goal which shines so plainly before their eyes, they wholly forget that there are others to be considered besides themselves—other rights to be regarded—other hearts to be wounded—other duties to be fulfilled; they forget that life is a very complex tissue, and that no one thread can follow its own course without fatally entangling other skeins as well. As Semple sat back in the shadow, and answered the questions of his two interlocutors in the quiet, calm voice that rarely betrayed emotion, he looked sadly at the tinted face bent so persistently down, and read, as if on a printed page, all that was passing in the girl's mind. He saw how she had worked herself into a state of revolt and injury; he knew how passionately she was thinking that her life should not be sacrificed to mere scruples of honor, or, worse yet, to the mercenary things of which they were speaking. "Poor child!" thought the man who watched all this with his grave, steadfast eyes. "She is regarding herself as a victim, and thinking of me as her worst enemy. If I only knew whether it were for her happiness—if I only knew!"

While the two old people prosed, and the fire crackled, and the lamp burned, and Mona's swift needle gleamed in and out of the scrap of linen she held, the same battle went on which had been waged out on the high-road, under the stars. At last Semple grew weary of the ceaseless debate which never came nearer to an end. He rose abruptly, and stood at the back of Mona's chair.

"How busy you are to-night!" he said. "Don't you think you can put down your work, and walk with me to the gate? The moon is up, and it is not cold."

She shrank a little, and, if he could have felt any deeper pain than he had known already, that slight, significant action would have indicated it.

"I—think it is cold," she said. "If you please, I believe I would rather not."

"Why, Semple, you surely are not going?" exclaimed Colonel Randolph.

"I have a patient to see," answered Semple, with the doctor's ready excuse. "I am sorry, colonel, but I must go. I only dropped in for a few minutes.—And you won't come?" This to Mona, with a very earnest pleading in his voice and eyes. "Indeed, the night is lovely, and you can wrap up so that you will not feel the cold."

"Go, my dear," said Mrs. Randolph, who had noticed her daughter's unusual silence, and, with the keen instinct of a woman, felt that something was wrong. "A little walk will do you good; and you will find my shawl on the hall-table."

Thus given no choice, Mona rose reluctantly, and followed Semple into the hall. "Never mind the shawl," she said, ignoring her late assertion about the cold. "This will do." As she spoke, she jerked down the crimson scarf which she had worn that afternoon, and which had been carelessly thrown over the hat-rack, and wrapped it around her head. "I am ready now," she went on, looking at the doctor with her eyes full of wilful petulance. "Of course, if I am obliged to go, it don't matter about my taking cold."

"It matters a great deal," Semple answered, quietly; "and, if you won't wear a shawl, I shall be compelled to leave you behind. But you had better come, Mona. I could not say so in the room yonder, but I have something of importance to tell you."

"To tell me!" repeated Mona, and, in a moment, a guilty conscience made her flush crimson. "I—I don't know what you can have to tell to me," she said, hastily, "but I can wear the shawl if you insist. Give it here."

He wrapped it around her, and, without another word, they left the house. When they emerged from the hall-door, and went down the piazza-steps to the gravel-sweep in front, the night seemed to them fairly alive with brilliance. The moon had risen above the tree-tops, and was flooding the whole landscape with silver light, the blue haze of the day had changed to a shimmering mist, and the gravel beneath their feet sparkled like precious stones. It was almost like walking in a fairy-tale; and it was hard to believe that fairies were not dan-

cing over the short greensward, and playing elfin gambols on the moonlit leaves. If so, they must have looked with strange wonder at the two sedate figures that walked amid all this lavish beauty, apparently quite unmoved by it; who said nothing, until they had left the house some distance behind them, and then broke into conversation which had no allusion to the silver moonlight, or the quivering leaves, or the delicate tracery of shadows thrown across their path, but related solely to the trifling matter of their own affairs.

"Mona," Semple was saying, in his quiet way, "do you think that people come into this world to consult their own wishes and secure their own happiness, or to learn some things which can only be learned by sacrificing both wishes and happiness, if need be, to the good of others?"

"I don't know, I am sure," Mona answered, coldly. "I am not good at abstract questions," she went on, with a slight tone of excitement in her voice, "but I don't see why people should have wishes, if they are not to gratify them; or why we should feel a desire at all, if all our feelings and desires are to be sacrificed to somebody else!"

"Not to somebody else, but to the good of somebody else," corrected Semple, quietly. "All our duties are of relative importance; and sometimes, perhaps, our chief duty is to ourselves; but generally, I think, we go right when we put ourselves wholly out of the question—or, at least, try to do so."

"If you are talking for my benefit," said Mona, still coldly, "I wish you would speak plainly. I never could bear to be talked at in my life."

"My dear, I was not even thinking of you," said Semple, gravely. "I was thinking of myself. The truth is," he went on, looking not at the girl beside him, but at the moonlit path as it stretched away to the broad iron gates, "the truth is, that I have been miserably undecided all day; and I don't see my way quite clear yet. All my life," said the young man, with simple earnestness, "I have been thinking that, if I had an opportunity, I could sacrifice my own happiness for the good of others; and now, that my presumption has been answered, and the opportunity has come at last, I find that it is a very hard thing to do—harder, Mona, than you would believe. But that does not matter. It was not that which I began to say. The difficulty is this—whether, in taking myself out of your path, I do it for your good, whether, in surrendering my own happiness, I secure yours."

"What do you mean?" asked Mona, with a gasp, and she stopped and looked at him with the eyes of a startled fawn.

Hitherto they had been walking apart, but now Semple took her hand, and drew it within his arm.

"I only mean that I have been very blind and selfish, my dear," he said, kindly. "You have been thinking me your worst enemy, Mona—think of me now as your best friend, and tell me if you honestly believe that Barry, poor fellow, can make you happy?"

Well as he knew the many impulses of this girl, and the quickness with which she acted upon them, he was not prepared for the effect which his words produced. For a second, Mona looked at him incredulously; then, as she might have turned to her own brother, she threw her arm over his shoulder, and burst into tears.

"O George!—my dear, dear, good George!" was all she said.

Semple left her to herself for a minute or two—that is, he suffered her to weep unchecked by word or movement from him. Indeed, how could it possibly have been otherwise? These were not tears which he could sympathize with or console. They were tears born of joy at her release, together with a faint sorrow for his disappointment, and a faint self-reproach for her own inconstancy. He understood them perfectly; and he waited until they were over before he spoke again. Then he said, quietly:

"Mona, you have not answered my question. Do you think Barry can make you happy?"

"What do I care about happiness?" asked the girl, suddenly lifting her face. "You seem to believe I think of nothing but myself. But if you only knew! I have thought a great deal, and struggled a great deal. I meant to do right, but—but how could I help liking him?"

"I am not blaming you for that," said he, touched into sudden tenderness by her tone. "It is so, then—you like, that is, you love him?"

No answer came—no answer was needed, beyond the reply of the eyes that met his own, and of the face upon which the soft moonlight

streamed. Semple understood it—understood it with the same intuition which had made him take in the whole meaning of that scene in the conservatory; and, after a minute, he went on:

"Then there is nothing more to be said. With all his faults, Barry alone possesses the power to make you happy. No other man—not even the best in the world—could do so now. The doubt in my mind has been, whether he is not more likely to make you wretched; but the decision has gone out of my hands. If you love him, I need hardly tell you that you are free. But, Mona—as your life-long friend I say this—think well before you give yourself to a man so fickle in the pursuit of good, so ever ready to be swayed to evil, as Barry has been in the past, and will be in the future."

She looked at him with indignant eyes.

"You call him your friend, and yet speak of him like this?"

"I shall tell him every word that I have uttered," Semple answered; "and it will be nothing new to him. I have said as much often before. But, unfortunately, he listens and never heeds. He is a good fellow—none better, as the world in general reckons such things—but he is not a man who will ever make a woman happy—and, least of all, such a woman as yourself."

"It is too late to think of that now," said Mona, half under her breath. They had reached the gate by this time, and, as she spoke, a tall, dark figure seemed to rise out of the moonlight, and start back at sight of them—"Barry! is it you?" Semple said.

And Barry—for it was he—took off his hat in evident confusion.

"Yes, it is I," he answered. "I am rather large for a fairy, and rather substantial for a ghost—Good-evening, Miss Mona. I had no idea of coming in. I only walked out, thinking I might meet this gentleman here on the road—though it is rather early, I believe."

"Yes, it's early," said Semple; "but I am obliged to go back to town. You can come in, if you like. Miss Mona is in need of an escort to the house."

"I believe I will go back with you," said Barry, with singular civility.

And Mona, too, spoke quickly: "I can find my way to the house alone, quite well," she said. "I won't trouble Mr. Barry. Good-night."

Almost before they could echo her salutation, she was gone—vanishing suddenly, and very soon lost to sight in the silvery mist. Then Semple turned and put out his hand to his friend. "I am sure you never meant any harm. Don't be sorry when I tell you that it is all over. It was best so, you know. When a man and woman make a great mistake, they can't set it right too soon. We have set ours right. When you go up there to-morrow"—he pointed to the house—"you'll find Mona free to listen to you, and to answer you as she likes."

If the simple-hearted speaker thought that, when he released his fiancée, and resigned the field to his friend, he had cut the knot of his perplexities, he must have been grievously disappointed; for, in truth, he found himself merely at the initial chapter of vexation. In the first place, Colonel Randolph was indignant beyond the ordinary measure of indignation, and, for a long time, held out manfully in determined opposition to the new arrangement.

The task of bringing him round devolved entirely upon Semple; and it proved one of greater difficulty than he could have imagined it would be. In fact, he could say very little for Barry besides that equivocal praise contained in the assertion of his being a good fellow. The young man was one of those unfortunate people who early throw away all their chances in life, and come at last to find that chances are by no means so abundant as they seemed at first. He had spent two fortunes, tried half a dozen professions, and at thirty was still aimless and purposeless, adrift upon the world—no doubt, a good fellow enough at bottom, a pleasant, genial, honorable man; but, as Semple had told Mona, fickle in good, and easily swayed toward evil. If he cared unselfishly and sincerely for one person in the world, it was for the quiet village-doctor who had stood his friend in various ugly scrapes. But even this affection was not strong enough to make him resolve to leave Mona Randolph, until words, which he should not have uttered, had been spoken, and it was too late for absence to be of any avail. It was not wonderful that Colonel Randolph should have objected to such a son-in-law as this, in exchange for George Semple, whom he had known and liked from his earliest boyhood. In vain the latter urged that no harm could be shown against Barry.

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"It is harm enough that there is no good," the stately old gentleman answered; and Semple could not gainsay the assertion. On the contrary, his mind went back to his own grave doubts and forebodings, his own anxious debate, when he had gone along the starlit road, thinking that, if it were for Mona's happiness, he could give her up.

But, at least, there could be no doubt that, as far as she was concerned, he had secured this happiness. At the time, it could not but pain him to see how exultantly she flung herself on the tide of love which had flowed in upon her. But afterward he was glad to remember it, glad to think that he had bestowed upon her that much, at least, of unmixed delight—that one deep draught of the fairy-elixir of youth. The chapter was short—all chapters of felicity are—but, at least, it was very perfect while it lasted; and the end, when it came, was better, by many degrees, than the end which many women who love as blindly and foolishly as Mona Randolph are forced to endure.

Two months went by. Reluctantly enough, Colonel Randolph had given a formal consent to his daughter's engagement; the stir of gossip in the village had died away, and Barry's position as an accepted suitor was fully recognized by all concerned. The golden-and-scarlet glories, the blue haze, and soft air of October, had passed to that shadowy realm where all beautiful things go, when George Semple rode slowly along one of the country-roads near Dornthorpe, on a heavily-clouded December afternoon. His own face was somewhat overcast, for he had just left the bedside of a dying woman; but, as he came in sight of a stately brick house, set high on a hill, with terraces and shrubbery all around it, he suddenly drew up his horse, and turned into the gate, remembering that there was a sick child there whom he had been called in to attend. As he advanced along the winding road which led through the aforesaid shrubbery to the front of the house, he came very unexpectedly upon a couple who were strolling under the bare trees and over the fallen leaves, with an air of the greatest possible preoccupation. One of these was a lady—a sparkling-faced brunette, closely wrapped up, and leaning heavily on the arm of her companion. This companion was Barry.

"Good-evening, Miss Le Grand," said Semple, uncovering with a good deal of ceremony.—"How are you, Barry?" he added, with a nod to that gentleman.

Then he rode on, his face a shade more overcast, and his mouth much more grimly set than before this encounter.

"So there was some foundation for those stories, after all," he thought. "Good Heavens! if they should reach Mona's ears! I must speak to Barry. I have avoided doing so before; but there is no doubt now that I must speak to him."

He carried out his intention that very night. As Barry was sitting in his own room, lazily smoking a cigar, and trying to make up his mind to the exertion of going out to Colonel Randolph's, Semple walked in upon him, and began at once.

"Phil," he said, "I have heard some gossip about you lately; but I did not pay much attention to it until I saw you this afternoon with Miss Le Grand. Now, I think it right to tell you that sharp eyes are on you, and that you had better take care. The first thing you know, Mona Randolph will hear that you are flirting with another woman."

"Mona is not a fool," Barry answered, with a sudden dark cloud coming over his face, and he pitched his cigar into the fire. "She's not likely to be jealous because I chance to look at another woman. And, as for the gossips, George, they may go to the devil!"

"I suppose you think that I may go there too," said George, quietly. "But that is no answer at all. Without being either jealous or a fool, Mona would have a right to feel injured if she knew that you gave twice as much time and attention to Miss Le Grand as to her; and, as for the gossips, they could not talk if you did not give them cause."

"They may talk themselves hoarse," was the somewhat sullen reply.

"Have you heard what they say?" the other asked, deliberately.

"I don't in the least care to hear."

"They say," George went on, without noticing this uncivil retort, "that, because Mona Randolph is comparatively poor, you are ready and willing to jilt her for Miss Le Grand, who is an heiress."

In a moment a dark-red flush rose to Barry's brow, and instinctively, as it seemed, he sprang to his feet.

"It is a d—d lie!" he said, hoarsely. "Semple, you know it is a lie!"

"If I did not think so, I should not be standing here now, speaking to you like this," Semple answered. "But I wanted to warn you that such things are said, and that, if they once come to Mona's ears, there is no counting on consequences. With all her impulsive tenderness, she has a foundation of pride like a rock."

"If I heard a man say such a thing, I would kick him across the street!" said Barry, in a rage.

"The wisest thing to do would be to keep away from Miss Le Grand," answered Semple, somewhat coldly. "Good-night."

As he went out and walked down the ill-lighted street, he felt by no means easy in his mind. He did not at all like the manner in which Barry had received his warning; and, when he recalled Ellen Le Grand's face, as he had seen it that afternoon, a dismal foreboding of evil oppressed him.

In vain he tried to shake it off. "Barry is twice as unstable as water," he thought; "but still he is not, he never was, dishonorable. And then, of course, he knows that old Le Grand would see his daughter dead before he would let her marry a man without fortune." The latter reflection was one of consolation, but he could not help remembering that old Le Grand was some distance from the scene of action, that his daughter was staying with her aunt, Mrs. Shelton, whose attention was wholly engrossed by a dozen or so of sickly children, and that she had the not undeserved reputation of being a very fast and foolish girl. When he reached his office, he found a servant waiting for him.

"Well, John," he said, wearily, for he recognized one of the Shelton household, "what is the matter now?"

Whereupon John touched his cap, and made answer that little Miss Willie had the croup, and mistiss wished the doctor would please come out as quick as possible; Miss Sarah had a fever again, and Miss Jack had twisted his ankle.

"I'll be out in less than an hour," said the tired doctor, with a sigh. "I have a very sick patient in town to see first. Tell your mistress to give Willie some croup-syrup, and not be uneasy before I come. Are you not going back now?" He asked this as the boy mounted and turned his horse's head up the street.

"In a few minutes, sir," was the reply. "I have just got to ride down here and leave a note for Mr. Barry, that Miss Ellen sent. I'll be out home before you, sir."

"All right," said the doctor, absently.

But, as he walked away again, to see the patient of whom he had spoken, he could not help a dreary conviction that somehow or other it was all wrong.

During the next week Semple saw very little of Barry, and nothing at all of Miss Le Grand. This young lady had no fancy for him, and never made her appearance when he paid his professional visits at her aunt's house. Once or twice he met Mona Randolph, and on these occasions her unaffected good spirits went a great way toward reviving him. It was certain that no doubt had ever come to trouble her, or disturb the sunny calm of her love and trust. "I judged Barry too harshly," Semple thought, as he passed Colonel Randolph's, one evening, and saw the two lovers together on the lawn, both of them looking bright, and handsome, and happy. "When I have a chance, I will apologize. No doubt, the flirtation was all on Miss Le Grand's side. What are such women made for, I wonder?"

The next day was dark and stormy, a day of wild winter rain; but a country doctor learns to disregard weather. Inclement as it was, Semple rode out of town that afternoon on his way to Mrs. Shelton's, for one of the unfortunate children had taken bronchitis, and was in a very critical condition. About half a mile from the house, he crossed a small river, and noticed through the gathering dusk how very much the stream was swollen. The bridge over which he passed was old and rotten, a standing disgrace to the county, and one which many people had prophesied would be swept away by the first flood; and Semple looked gravely at its time-worn supports as he crossed it.

"I should not be surprised if it went down to-night," he said to himself, with a glance at the rising water underneath, and the low grounds on either side, which were already covered.

It was a scene that dwelt on his memory long afterward—the lowering sky, the falling rain, the gathering dusk, and the sullenly-rising flood; but now he was only anxious to press on and gain shelter. As

soon as he was safely over the bridge, he put his horse to a canter, and, before many minutes, had reached his destination.

He found the household in something of a commotion. The bronchitis patient was not any worse; but Miss Le Grand, who lived in a neighboring county, had unexpectedly declared her intention of going home, and, while half a dozen servants were busy packing her trunks and boxes, Mrs. Shelton was overwhelming her with expostulations and entreaties.

"To get out in this frightful storm!" she was saying. "O Ellen, if you would only have a little consideration for your health, and wait until to-morrow!"

"The bad weather has set in for good; I am sure it will be no better to-morrow," Miss Le Grand replied.

And in this way the discussion was going on when Dr. Semple came in. Immediately, Mrs. Shelton called on him for aid and assistance. His advice, however, had no more effect than her aunt's on the headstrong girl.

"I am not going to Dornthorpe," she said, when he urged the terrible condition of the roads and the stream which lay between themselves and that town. "It is only two miles from here to Maple-Grove Station"—this was a small wood-and-water railway-station—"I am sure John can manage to drive the carriage there and back. I had rather not hear any thing more, if you please, Dr. Semple. My mind is made up, and I am going."

An hour or two later, while Dr. Semple was sitting by little Minnie's bed, feeling her pulse, and now and then listening to her breathing, Mrs. Shelton entered the room, and begged him to do her a favor.

"I know it will be unpleasant to you," she said, "but the carriage is at the door, and I cannot bear to see Ellen set off by herself such a night as this. Would you mind going with her to the station and seeing her safe on the train?"

"Of course, I will go," Semple answered; and he went down at once.

To say that Miss Le Grand was chagrined by this arrangement would be to express very little indeed. She was angry to the verge of rudeness, and gave utterance to this anger in the very plainest, most forcible manner. She declined Dr. Semple's attendance most decidedly; and, when she found that he persisted in going, it became a question whether she herself would not remain at home. Finally, however, she decided to go, though, when they entered the carriage, she flung herself back, and sulked in perfect silence during the whole of the two-miles' drive.

When they reached the station, she broke her silence for the first time by requesting Semple to return at once.

"You need not wait for the train," she said; "it is not due for half an hour, and I am perfectly competent to take care of myself."

"I have no doubt of that," Semple answered, gravely, "but I cannot think of leaving you here entirely alone. If some accident should delay the train, you will need to return in the carriage."

She argued the point vainly—argued it with an impatient vexation which surprised him—but, at last, finding that she could not change his purpose, sank into sullen silence. They left the carriage, and entered the wretched little waiting-room of the station; and, as the minutes rolled on, Semple was more and more astonished at the singular behavior of his companion.

She seemed the incarnate spirit of restlessness, moving continually about the narrow apartment, going out to the platform beyond, despite the pouring rain, and peering with strange, wistful, anxious eyes into the murky darkness.

Semple dared not ask any questions, but he marvelled much to himself, and more than once he wondered a little if her mind was quite right. It seemed to him hours that he sat there with the falling rain in his ears, the wet, melancholy scene before him, the agent's face of curiosity, as he passed and repassed the open door, and Ellen Le Grand moving restlessly to and fro, her suppressed excitement and expectation communicating itself at last to him—as any strong feeling sooner or later must.

Once or twice Semple consulted his watch, and the last time he found that it was only five minutes till the train was due. He had hardly ascertained this fact when he heard the sound of voices speaking on the platform.

Instantly, Miss Le Grand sprang to her feet, and rushed to the door.

Moved by an unaccountable impulse, he followed her.

"Yes," a man was saying—a rough, dripping countryman who had just dismounted from his horse—"the old bridge is down at last. I started to go to Dornthorpe to take the train; but I had to come back, and go from here. The river's a-booming, I tell you; and the folks at Bob Parker's say the bridge went down like thunder—just a little after dark. The county'll have to build a new one now, I reckon, and—"

The man passed on, speaking to the agent; and Miss Le Grand drew herself away from Semple, and walked out on the platform. At that instant the whistle of an engine was heard, the next moment the express-train dashed into sight, and came to a stand beside her. One or two faces looked with apathy from the car-windows at the scene outside, but no one disembarked.

"You had better get on board at once, Miss Le Grand," said Semple. "They only stay here a minute."

But she moved impatiently away from him, and walked down the whole line of cars.

While she was at some distance, the engine gave a shrill note of warning, and almost simultaneously the whole train moved off, disappearing in the blackness of the night, like some phantom of the imagination. Then the young lady returned to her escort.

"Come," she said, in a tense sort of voice, "if you please, I will go back to my aunt's."

Silently he put her into the carriage. Her strange conduct had so bewildered him that he scarcely wondered at this last caprice. When they were once fairly on the road, she extended her hand and laid it on his arm.

"Dr. Semple," she said, in a voice full of awe, "do you—do you—would there be danger of any one's riding into the river on such a night as this?"

Instantly he understood what she meant—understood it by the strange intuition that sometimes came to him in lieu of actual knowledge. Before he remembered what he was about, he caught her hand so that she almost screamed.

"Tell me," he said, sternly. "As God will judge you, tell me did you expect to meet Barry here to-night?"

Then, with many tears and half-broken gasps, she told him. Before five minutes passed, he knew every thing—knew that an elopement had been planned, and that Barry had made an appointment to meet her at Maple-Grove Station that night—an appointment which he had thus strangely broken. To describe the bitter indignation of this man would be useless. He could not pour it on the girl who wept so piteously, and prayed him to keep her secret, but his hands fairly burned to seize the false friend who had robbed him of the treasure of his life for this.

He passed a sleepless night, and the next morning took the train and went to Dornthorpe. There his inquiries for Barry revealed a startling fact. He had left town on horseback the evening before, and had not yet returned. As the day wore on, he still did not return; but, in the evening, a man who lived on the river came in with news which made a great sensation. The body of a drowned man had been found in the stream, near his house, and he was anxious that it should be identified.

Semple was one of the first people called upon for this purpose; and the instinct with which he went did not deceive him. One glance at the pale face of the dead man was enough. That glance showed him Philip Barry!

Strange to say—and yet was it strange?—the friend who had sacrificed his happiness for nothing, the friend who had been so betrayed, almost forgave the other, when he saw him lying, in the awful stillness that knows no waking for earth or time. In a moment all his wrath died out, leaving only a deep, poignant pity. He had been full of thoughts of vengeance against this man, and now he passed beyond his reach forever.

Looking at him, Semple could only murmur brokenly, "God be merciful!" That was all that the presence of death left him power to say. It was he who gently took the news to Mona Randolph, and who took care that she should never know the treachery of the man for whom she wept in childlike abandonment of grief. She was little more than a child; and it may be that this grief will after a while pass away, and that she will open her eyes to the faithful devotion of the heart that has always loved her. As for Semple, there is now, as ever, but one woman in the world to him, and her name is Mona Randolph.

"GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART!"

A TALE IN THREE PARTS.—PART SECOND.

BY RHODA BROUGHTON, AUTHOR OF "RED AS A ROSE IS SHE," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.—WHAT THE AUTHOR SAYS.

THE men are left to themselves—left to work their wicked will upon the walnuts, and to raven among the candied fruits, of whose existence, as long as the women were in the room, they pretended to be unaware. And the women, meanwhile, stand, gently rustling, softly chattering, about the drawing-room fire; sipping coffee, holding gossamer handkerchiefs between their pretty pink faces and the flame, and mentally pricing and depreciating each other's gowns. Sylvia is very happy; she has, indisputably, a longer tail and a thicker silk than any one else present; her toilet, happily, hits the golden mean between the mournful and the magnificent, and she is almost sure that, as she left the dining-room, she heard some man ask who she was. Presently every one sinks into chairs, and upon ottomans and sofas; breaking up into groups of twos and threes, as similarity of tastes in point-lace, dress-makers, and children, prompts. Lenore forms part of no group—takes part in no chat. The night is cold, and the room not particularly well warmed; yet she chooses an easy-chair apart from the rest of the company, and unsocially sitting by itself in a little recess. Lenore deposits herself upon it, and bides her time. When the walnuts, candied fruits, and ungodly after-dinner stories are done, that time comes.

Paul is determined not to be checkmated a second time; he may dislike to be pointed out as an engaged man, but he dislikes still more to have Mr. Scrope pointed at as such. He walks straight up to Lenore.

"Do you know what I have got hidden here?" asks the girl, looking up at him, while her whole face laughs—not only mouth, but eyes, dimples, cheeks—as she points to the wide spread of her gown. "Guess!"

"I have not an idea."

She sweeps away her skirts, and discloses a tiny, light cane-chair.

"Sit down! You are an unfortunately big person; but, I think, judiciously sat upon, it may bear you."

He had meant to scold her—well, the scolding will keep; it may be carried over, and added to the next account. He sits down, and his jealousy goes to sleep.

"I was determined to have no more *malentendus* to-night," says the girl, gravely. "If any one had come this way, I meant to have looked at him with my own scowl—the one you used to admire so much—and say, 'This is Mr. Le Mesurier's chair.'"

"Lenore" (looking round with a sense of lazy well-being), is there any one in the room that is not a Webster?

"Hardly anybody; they are all direct or collaterals. That tall old woman whose forehead has good-naturedly gone round to look for the back of her head, who is *ambling* about saying indistinct civilities to everybody, is Mrs. Webster, the head and fount for all the others; she always reminds me of *Agag*—she 'goes so delicately.'"

"I know her, the old cat!" says Paul, resentfully. "Serve her right if she were drowned in a butt of her own gooseberry, and I cannot wish her a worse fate."

"The old young woman who never stops smiling is Miss Webster; we call her 'the savory omelette,' because she is so green and yellow! Does not she smile?—it makes one's face ache to look at her." Paul laughs. "Paul, if you jilt me, and no one else takes compassion on me, do you think I shall ever get to the pitch of smiling like that? If I thought so, I would have the corners of my mouth sewn up."

"Prevention is better than cure—I would."

"The man with the red beard is Major Webster; do you see how short and broad he is? His brother-officers say that he has *swallowed a box*; is not it a delicious idea?—it quite invigorates me."

Paul laughs again; after dinner, it is pleasant to be amused than to be amusing.

"Apropos of beards," says Lenore, turning from the company to a subject that interests her more, "yours has not disappeared yet, Paul?"

"Why, did you think it would? Did you suppose I *moulted*, like the birds?"

"I thought, perhaps, you might have *moulted* *voluntarily*, to please me," replies she, with a slight pout.

"When my beard moults," retorts he, gayly, with an expressive glance at the sleek but unnaturally luxuriant twists that bind her head, "I shall expect your (or rather the *unknown dead person's*) plaits to moult, too."

Lenore shrugs.

"*Que voulez-vous?* Look at Sylvia. She has at least five pounds' worth on her head; I have certainly not more than two pounds ten shillings on mine. Nowadays, without a chignon of some sort, one's head looks mutilated and indecent."

"Then I like mutilation and indecency."

"Do you know, Paul" (with a pretty air of candor), "without my plaits, I hardly look handsome at all?"

"I do not believe it," replies Paul, with warmth; "I would stake my existence that you look infinitely handsomer, sweeter, modest! Why cannot you be content to wear your hair as Nature meant it—*flat* to your head, and *low down* on your ears and cheeks?"

"Merciful Heavens!" cries Lenore, expressively casting up hands and eyes to heaven. "Paul" (with a sudden suspicion), "have you been seeing any one lately with her hair dressed like that?"

To her searching eyes, he seemed to redden ever so slightly.

"No—o, nobody particular."

She is not satisfied, but does not pursue the subject.

"Well" (with a sigh), "to return to your beard—Bah! what does the old woman want with us now? Apropos of beards, look at hers! Has not she a '*menton d'une fertilité désolante*,' as Gustave Droz says?"

"So sorry to disturb you, but we are going to play Dumb Scrambo."

This is Mrs. Webster's errand.

"And what is Dumb Scrambo?" asks Paul, with a disgusted intonation, when, hunted out of their cold and quiet alcove, and the hostess having moved on to collect fresh recruits, he and Lenore advance to join the rest of the company.

"It is not bad fun," answers the girl—"a sort of silent charade, you know. Did you never see it? Oh, you *must* have done!"

"But I have not."

"Oh, you know, the audience think of a word. You will be audience, will not you? I am sure that you can no more act than a tom-cat."

"Well?"

"And then, do not you know—they give the actors another word that rhymes with it; and then they—the actors, I mean—have to act in dumb-show all the other words that rhyme with it, till they hit upon the right one."

At this lucid explanation, given with surprising rapidity, Paul looks a good deal mystified. Mrs. Webster has some difficulty in collecting a troupe. Sylvia is among those who positively decline.

"Oh, no, indeed—thanks, Mrs. Webster—I really could not; I am so childishly nervous that the feeling that everybody's eyes were fixed upon me, would make every word I had to say go out of my head."

"But you have *no* words to say; it is all *dumb-show*."

"Oh, thanks! but that really would not make any difference; I should have the same dreadful feeling that everybody was looking at me."

It being useless to try and convince her that some of the other actors might divert a portion of the dreaded public notice from her, Mrs. Webster desists.

Paul declines, too, with that decisive brevity which forbids pressing. He is angry with Lenore for not having done likewise; but she is firm.

"Impossible, my dear boy," she says, in a smiling aside. "If they were to ask me to walk on my head to-night, I should have to try and do it. Have not they given us a huge family teapot, and is not this part payment?"

He is the more displeased when he sees Mr. Scrope march off, with the best of the performers, into the dining-room, which opens out of the hall, and is converted into a temporary greenroom.

It is a pretty old house, oak-floored; a step here, a step there, in

and out of the rooms. The audience have disposed themselves about the hall-fire, in chairs set a-row for them. The leading spirits among them have fixed upon a word, a very little one indeed, but which they hope will prove puzzling: it is *jet*. The word that rhymes with it, which they have given to the performers, is *net*. In the interval of waiting, until these latter shall be prepared to be dumbly funny, they beguile the time with talk.

"I always envy people who have *aplomb* enough to act, and do all that sort of things that make one conspicuous," says Sylvia, leaning back in her chair, biting the top of her black fan, and looking pensively over it at Paul, who happens to be her neighbor. "I am afraid I am not *quite like other people*, but I should feel ready to *sink into the earth*, don't you know! Now, Lenore has none of that feeling."

"Evidently not," replies Paul, dryly.

His eyes are fixed on the dining-room door; it is a little ajar, and, through the chink left, he sees a dim vision of green. Lenore has a green dress; he is straining his eyes to see whose are the legs that are in juxtaposition with that green gown.

"Last time we were here," continues Sylvia, "they acted the word 'tail'; and all the ladies fastened long boas to their dresses behind, and walked about the stage wagging them. You can have no conception how droll it looked."

Further talk is stopped by the opening of the dining-room door, and appearance of the performers. Mr. Scrope makes his entry on his hands and knees, crawling awkwardly along. It is plain that he is meant to represent a horse; his gait much more nearly resembles a cross between that of a bear and a monkey, but the equine *intention* is evident; it is rendered the more so by the fact of Major Webster being seated astride on his back, with a tall hat on his head and a dog-whip in his hand; with this latter he pleasantly flogs him round the stage. Then another Webster enters—a heavy fellow, who has been distinguishing himself by making stupid and impossible suggestions—comes up, and *feels his legs*. Mr. Scrope lashes mostly out at him, and then continues his victorious course, kicking and plunging round the room. It entails fearful exertion, and feelings verging on apoplexy; but he is rewarded by the plaudits of his fellows. Having unhorsed Major Webster, and sent that gallant officer rolling on the oak-floor, to the great benefit of his dress-clothes, the *cortège* retires, amid laughter and well-deserved hisses.

"How good for the knees of his trousers!" says Paul, who, with a mind relieved from the apprehension of seeing Lenore in some grotesquely affectionate or affectionately grotesque attitude with Scrope, is able to laugh as heartily as the others.

"Poor man! did not he look as if all the blood in his body had rushed to his head?" says a young lady, compassionately.

"That was a good *bona-fide* kick he gave Webster," says a man—"no mistake about it. I wonder how his shins feel?"

Meanwhile, the actors are talking over their late performance, and planning the next.

"It was not obvious enough," says Major Webster, who, being manager, is responsible for the *clat* of the proceedings.

"It had no more to say to *bet* than I have," said Lenore, bluntly. "I cannot imagine how they ever guessed it; I do not believe they have."

"Well—no, perhaps not" (looking rather mortified). "You see" (gnawing his mustache reflectively), "we were supposed to be talking about *Aim*" (nodding at Scrope). "It is rather difficult to be explicit when one does not say any thing."

"Phew!" cries Scrope, wiping his face, and stroking down his tossed curly locks. "I had no idea that being a horse was such apoplectic work.—Miss Lenore" (turning eagerly to her), "did you see me? Was not I a very free goer?"

"I did not look at you," replies Lenore, indifferently. "I was thinking what we could have next. What on earth rhymes with *net*? Set? pet? fret?"

"Fret!" cries Paul's blue dinner-neighbor, determined not to be behind the rest, though in her the dramatic gift is, to say the least, latent. "Might not we all go in, and sit in a row with our handkerchiefs up to our eyes, crying, 'Don't you know?'"

"I do not think it would be very amusing," replies Lenore, dryly.

"Let? set? pet?"

"*Pet*!" suggests the heavy youth, brilliantly. "What do you say to one of us going in by himself, and pretending to be in an ill-humor—pet—ch?"

This idea meets with the silent contempt it so justly merits.

A pause.

"Stay—I have it," says Scrope, eagerly. "Eureka! One of us must be a *baby*—a dear little *pet*, you know; and some one else must carry us in, squalling and hallooing. I say, who will be the baby? Do not all speak at once!"

The warning is unnecessary.

"Well, I suppose, if nobody else will, I must," says Major Webster, rather ruefully.—"Scrope, you are the biggest; will you carry me in? *Are you sure you can?*" eying him rather doubtfully.

"Of course I can, my dear fellow, as soon as look at you. Up with you!" answers Scrope, stoutly, and so stoops promptly down to embrace his nursing's legs.

"Stop a bit!" cries the other, gravely, stroking his red beard. "I must have something on—must not I?—or they will not know I am a baby."

Scrope looks round on the properties scattered about—umbrellas, hats, door-mats, sheets, carving-knives.

"Here you are," he says, snatching up a white table-cloth. "This is the very thing for you.—Who has got a big pin?"

Having pinned the table-cloth round his waist, and tied an antimacassar over his head, Major Webster stands complete, ready to represent smiling infancy. There is some difficulty in getting him hoisted up; the table-cloth will get under Mr. Scrope's feet, and trip him up.

"For God's sake, don't drop me!" cries Webster, nervously. "Perhaps we had better give up the idea."

"Not a bit of it! Get up on the chair; I shall have better *purchase* of you."

"And what am I to do?" asks Lenore, beginning to laugh by anticipation. "Have I no *role*?"

"Oh, you must be nursery-maid, don't you know?" says Scrope, panting, and clasp the major's legs as he stands on the chair, "and give him the bottle when he hallooos. There, take that hearth-brush, and shoot it out at him; that will do as well as any thing else."

"But a bottle does not *shoot out*," objects Lenore, whose acquaintance with the ways and appurtenances of infancy, though meagre, is apparently more exact than the young man's.

"What does that signify?" says Scrope, breathlessly, having with one final effort heaved up his bearded baby. "One must leave *something* to the imagination."

"For God's sake, mind the step!" cries Webster, gloomily, looking down with apprehensive eye from his unnatural elevation.

It is nervous work, but they get through it triumphantly. Mr. Scrope staggers along, with laboring breath, and arms firmly clasped round his baby's table-clothed legs, who, for his part, clutching Scrope convulsively round the neck, while his bronzed face and beard emerge absurdly from his antimacassar, gives utterance to a series of the dimmest deep yells, supposed to represent the faint cries of infancy. Lenore walks gravely alongside, occasionally shooting out her hearth-brush at him; whether or not the audience discover that it is the mystic symbol of an "Alexandra" bottle will never be known till the Last Day. Having completed the circuit of the room, and made a playful feint of depositing his "*pet*" in Jemima's lap, Mr. Scrope and his coadjutors retire.

"I thought it was *Dumb Scrambo*," says Paul, dryly, as Major Webster's last *bellow* dies on the ear.

"I suppose that only applies to articulate sounds," replies Jemima, who is on his other side. "Bah!" (wiping her eyes); "it is an insult to one's understanding to laugh, but one cannot help it. After all, it is not half so good as charades."

"Paul should have been at the Ansons' the other night," says Sylvia, with a little coy hesitation and stumbling (both quite thrown away) over his name; then, turning to him:

"You should have seen Lenore, as *bar-maid*, running about and saying all sorts of impertinent things to the gentlemen, in a Breton cap. Do you know, she has got an *immensely* becoming Breton cap! I tell her that it is too matronly for her, and that she ought to give it to me. Do you give your consent?" (opening and shutting her fan bashfully).

"A *bar-maid*!" repeats Paul, with a slightly-clouded face. "Very entertaining, I dare say; and who *were* the gentlemen that she said impertinent things to?"

"You need not be jealous," interposes Jemima, with a rather dry laugh. "Only old Mr. Anson; he came in as *Boots* in a pea-jacket. Now, if there is an absurd sight in the world, it is an old fat man in a pea-coat."

"Ah! true, so it was!" says Sylvia, languidly. "*Inconstant*, you know, was the word; that was *inn*, and *constant*—"

"How long they are in coming this time!" cries Jemima, hastily interrupting. "What can they be doing?"

"And *constant*?" says Paul, leaning forward, while his eyes shine with a rather doubtful expression. "How was *that* acted?"

"I don't think I will tell you," says Sylvia, with charming archness. "You know, 'when the cat's away, the mice will play.' Well, Lenore was supposed to be engaged to Charlie Scrope. Poor Charlie! he torments me out of my life to act, too; but I said, 'No! no! no! not my line at all!'"

"Well—but about Lenore?" interrupts Paul, impatiently.

"Oh yes, to be sure. Charlie was supposed to have been away for five or six years, and to come back suddenly, and then they rushed into each other's arms; of course" (tapping him playfully with her fan), "it was only a *stage-embrace—cela va sans dire*—but it made us all laugh!"

The cloud deepens on the young man's forehead.

"It must have been almost better than the bar-maid," he says, grimly, turning away.

Meanwhile, the ingenious *troupe*, still at fault for the right word, have hit upon another wrong one—"Well."

"You carry in a candle," says Major Webster to Lenore, thrusting the weapon indicated into her hand, "and pretend to catch fire; blow out the candle and drop it, and begin to scream like mad; and then—don't you know?—we will all rush in with buckets, and put you out."

"But must I scream much, or little?"

"Oh, the louder the better; and you must go on screaming till we come."

Lenore does exactly as she is bid. Shrieking at the pitch of her high, clear voice, imaginarily burning, and as imaginarily being extinguished—with one of Mrs. Webster's best silver candlesticks lying dented and doubled up at her feet—her joyous eyes seek her lover's face for applause; but, as soon as they light on it, both her laughter and her screams together die. Unmindful of her assistants, she hurries back into the dining-room.

"You stopped *much* too soon," says Major Webster, reproachfully; "you ought to have gone on for a quarter of an hour longer."

"Is your dress damaged? Did any of the wax fall on it?" asks Scrope, eagerly, falling on his knees before her, and catching hold of the silk. His back is turned to the others, who have already fallen into fresh wranglings and janglings; nobody sees him; he stoops his head hurriedly, and brushes one of her smart lace-blossoms with the silky gold of his mustache.

"What are you doing?" she cries, angrily, twitching it away from his clasp.

"I am playing a Dumb Scrambo of my own," he says, lifting his eyes with a defiant flash to hers. "Why do you stop me? It amuses me, and it does you no harm."

"I hate Dumb Scrambo!" she cries, passionately. "It is a vile game. Why did you play at it?—who wanted you? There were plenty without you."

"I played," says the young man, raising himself from his kneeling posture, and growing rather white under these amenities, "because I have a benighted idea that, when you go to other people's houses, you should conform to *their* amusements, and not consult only your own, as some people do."

"Is that meant for a sneer at Paul?" asks Lenore, in a fury.

"Do you think," continues the young man, incisively, "that I enjoyed crawling along a bees-waxed floor in my dress-clothes?"

No answer.

"Do you think that I enjoyed hauling about that Jack Pudding" (with a glance at Major Webster's broad back) "for the amusement of half a dozen old women?"

"Of course you did, or you would not have done it," answers Lenore, brusquely.

"It, at least, had the good effect of rooting you out of your corner," says Scrope, with a bitter laugh. "Perhaps it was worth while break-

ing one's back, and spoiling the knees of one's trousers, to accomplish such a result."

"Why on earth could not you leave us there in peace?" cries the girl, angrily. "You might have sat in a corner till the crack of doom, and I would not have put out a finger to move you!"

"You are *in disgrace*," says the young man, speaking in a low voice, but with an eager flush; "I know it—so do you! we saw it in his face—in *disgrace*, because I poured an imaginary bucket of imaginary water over you! Such being the case, I wish you *joy* of your future life!"

WHAT JEMIMA SAYS.

We are in the omnibus, going home. There is not an earthly vehicle that makes a more deaving din than an omnibus—a sort of steam threshing-machine in one's head; yet we are all talking—at least not all—four of us—*à qui mieux mieux*.

"Very stingy with their champagne; did not half fill one's glass."

"Very bad oyster-sauce!—something oily about it!"

"The fricandeau was good; I am always fond of a fricandeau."

"I think that, considering they have a three-hundred-guinea *chef*, and three in the kitchen besides, they *might* give one better bread-sauce."

"I am sure Major Webster has got a temper! I saw him scowling at one of the footmen at dinner."

These are some of the severe and spirited strictures that we are passing on the entertainment we have just quitted.

"I almost wish that we had asked Mrs. Webster to wait for us in the cloak-room, at the ball on Friday night, so that we might all go into the room together," says Sylvia, with what I *feel*, though I cannot see, to be a simper. "Of course I am *really* quite an efficient chaperone, but people make such stupid mistakes! The man who took me into dinner asked Miss Webster whether I was out! Just fancy!"

"How differently people see things!" I say, with my usual malice. "The man who took me into dinner asked me which was the older, you or I?"

Meanwhile Lenore says little, and Paul nothing, though they are sitting side by side. As we clatter and rumble with redoubled noise through a village, a light from a window darts a ray into our darkness. I see that Lenore's face is turned toward him, and that the hand nearest him lies ungloved on her knee, as if wishing to be clasped by his. Under cover of the others' chatter, I listen treacherously to their whispered talk:

"Paul, are you dead?"

"No."

"Are you asleep? I cannot see your eyes."

"No."

"Are you angry?"

"Yes."

"What about?"

No answer.

"Would you be less angry if I told you (stoop down your head) that I have been in Gehenna all the evening, and that I think *him* a greater bore than ever?"

The next lamp-post that we pass reveals the white hand nestling in its owner's.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EDUCATION AND GOVERNMENT.

OUTLINE OF A LECTURE DELIVERED BY PROFESSOR HUXLEY, AT BIRMINGHAM, OCTOBER 9, 1871.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY began by saying that education by caste would make caste as permanent as any that existed. It was said that there must be hewers of wood and drawers of water, and that, if everybody were refined and educated, no one would do the rough work, but all would want to be gentlemen and ladies. This was heard most frequently from the representatives of the well-to-do middle class, in whose mouth it was peculiarly inconsistent, as they were ever trying to raise themselves into the class above them. Society needed grocers and merchants as much as it needed coal-heavers, but, when grocers and merchants succeeded in reaching a nigher position, no one complained. Besides, it was not true that education,

as such, unfitted men for rough, laborious, or even disgusting occupations. The life of a sailor was rougher and harder than that of nine men out of ten, and yet, as every ship's captain knew, no sailor was ever the worse for possessing a trained intelligence. The life of a medical practitioner, especially in the country, was harder and more laborious than that of most artisans, and he was constantly obliged to do things which, in point of pleasantness, could hardly be ranked above scavenging; and yet he ought to be, and he frequently was, a better-educated man.

In the second place, though it might be granted that the words of the Catechism which required a man to do his duty in the station in which it had pleased God to call him gave an admirable definition of their obligation to themselves and to society, yet the question remained, How was any given person to find out what was the particular station to which it had pleased God to call him? A new-born infant did not come into the world labelled "scavenger," "shopkeeper," "bishop," or "duke." It was only one mass of red pulp, just like another, to outward appearance; and it was only by finding out what his faculties were good for, and by seeking—not for the sake of gratifying a paltry vanity, but as a duty to himself and his fellow-men—to put himself in that position in which these faculties could attain their full development, that a man could discover his true station. That which was to be lamented, he fancied, was not that society should do its utmost to help capacity to ascend from the lower strata to the higher, but that it had no machinery by which to facilitate the descent of incapacity from the higher strata to the lower. Every man of high intellectual ability, who was both ignorant and miserable, was as great a danger to society as a rocket without a stick to the person who fired it. What gave force to the socialistic movement which was now stirring European society to its depth was the determination on the part of naturally able men among the *proletaire* to put an end, somehow or other, to the misery and degradation in which a large proportion of their fellows was steeped. The question whether the means by which they purposed to achieve that end were adequate or not was at this moment the most important of all political questions, and it was beside his present purpose to discuss it. All he desired to point out was that, if the chances of the controversy's being decided calmly and rationally, not by passion and force, looked miserably small to the impartial by-stander, the risk was that not one in ten thousand of those who constituted the ultimate court of appeal by which questions of the utmost difficulty, as well as the most momentous gravity, would have to be decided, was prepared by education to comprehend even the real nature of the problem brought before the tribunal.

Finally, as to ladies and gentlemen, he wished that every woman-child born into the world were trained to be a lady, and every man-child were trained to be a gentleman. But he did not use those much-abused words by way of distinguishing people who wore fine clothes, and lived in fine houses, and talked aristocratic slang, from those who went about in fustian, and lived in back-slums, and talked gutter-slang. Some inborn plebeian blindness, perhaps, prevented him from understanding what advantage the former had over the latter. He had never even been able to understand why pigeon-shooting at Hurlingham should be refined and polite, while a rat-killing match in Whitechapel was low, or why "What a lark!" should be coarse, when one heard "How awfully jolly!" dropped from the most refined lips twenty times in an evening. Thoughtfulness for others, generosity, modesty, and self-respect, were the qualities which made a real gentleman or lady, as distinguished by the venerated article that went by the name. He by no means wished to express any sentimental preference of Lazarus over Dives; but on the face of the matter one did not see why the practice of those virtues should be more difficult in one state of life than in another, and any one who had a wide experience among all sorts and conditions of men would, he thought, agree with him that they were as common in the lower ranks of life as in the higher.

Professor Huxley then turned to those who opposed the education act on the ground that the state had no right to do any thing but protect its subjects from aggression. According to this view, he said, the proper form of government was neither a monarchy, nor an aristocracy, nor a democracy, but a constable-government. On the other hand, these views were supported by an induction from observation, or what was said to be such, which professed to show that whatever was done by a government beyond those negative limits was not only

sure to be done badly, but to be done much worse than private enterprise would have done the same thing. He was by no means clear as to the truth of the latter proposition. Who was to say what private enterprise would do, if it tried its hand at state-work? Those who had had most experience from joint-stock companies and their management would probably be least inclined to believe in the innate superiority of private enterprise over state management. If Continental bureaucracy and centralization were fraught with multitudinous evils, surely English beadleocracy and parochial obstruction were not altogether lovely.

Accepting the proposition that the functions of the state might all be summed up in one great negative commandment—"Thou shalt not allow any man to interfere with the liberty of any other man"—Professor Huxley said he was unable to see that the consequence was any such restriction as his supporters implied. If his next-door neighbor chose to have his drains in such a state as to create a poisonous atmosphere, which he breathed at the risk of typhus and diphtheria, it was just as much a restriction on his just freedom to live as if his life was threatened with a pistol. If his neighbor were allowed to let his children go unvaccinated, he might just as well be allowed to leave strychnine-lozenges about in the way of his (Dr. Huxley's) children. And, if his neighbor brought up his children untaught and untrained to earn their living, he was doing his best to restrict his (the lecturer's) freedom by increasing the burden of taxation for the support of jails and workhouses which he (the lecturer) had to pay.

After noticing the objection that, this principle once admitted, there was no stopping, and replying to it that the government was the corporate reason of the community, Professor Huxley proceeded to discuss the question on what foundation the authority of the state rested, and how the limits of that authority were to be determined. He did not see how any limit could be laid down as to the extent to which, in some circumstances, the action of government could be rightly carried. Was our own government wrong in suppressing Thuggee in India? If not, would it be wrong in putting down any enthusiast who tried to set up the worship of Astarte in the Haymarket? If the state could interfere in the interest of morality, were we not bound to admit with Locke that it might have a right to interfere with either popery or atheism, if it could be shown that the practical consequences of such beliefs were injurious to civil society? The question where to draw the line between where the state ought and ought not to interfere was, he thought, one that should be left to be decided separately for each individual case. It might be that all the schemes of social reorganization hitherto propounded were impracticable; but, if so, it proved not that the idea was worthless, but only that the science of politics was in a very rudimentary state. Politics, as a science, was certainly not older than astronomy, and, though the subject-matter of the latter science was vastly less complex than that of the former, the theory of the moon's motions was not quite settled. Assuming that the object of government was the good of mankind, what was the good of mankind? He took it that it was the attainment by every man of all the happiness he could enjoy without diminishing the happiness of his fellow-man. It seemed generally agreed that the state should not promote the acquisition of wealth directly; but it was not so generally agreed that the state might not promote by indirect means the acquisition of wealth by the community, nor was there any agreement whether the state ought or ought not to regulate the distribution of wealth. If not, then all legislation about inheritance and the statute of mortmain was wrong in principle, and, when a rich man died, we ought to return to the state of Nature and have a struggle for his property.

Professor Huxley concluded by advocating government assistance to the discussion of literature, science, and art.

A QUESTION OF PRIVILEGE.

THE average American, and especially the average American of Western ideas, would be greatly surprised to hear some new De Tocqueville assert that privileges struck a deeper root in American soil than in English. Indignantly would he point to the universal tendency in this country toward social and civil equality, and his first inquiry would be for the name of any country in the world where the majesty of manhood was enthroned in loftier supremacy; where the privileges of the past were more quickly or more easily uprooted;

where, became. As posed must c-can sta-fect co-gives h-British-powerl-career-to holo-known-mercant-have vi-the m-full ter-The has see-away t-curred-two ns-strande-the fin-at the-lish ad-of the-notwith-his com-retired-censur-This steamer-had, the-Americo-aright, remem-that Fa-and ha-Here w-seasons-any pun-And th-done in-this wa-A co-was tri-of a co-He was-mendat-for an-This co-party o-war! But one th-two yer-semble-abolish-Even h-blance-the ma-discuss-with no-passed-postma-Joseph-ing pri-lower r-abuse s-"I desp-age, as-upon th-conform

where, in short, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments more naturally became part of the Constitution.

As regards the levelling tendencies of American society, our supposed friend would be unquestionably correct. And yet I fear we must confess that there is no other country where the office-holder can stand up in opposition to an opposing community with such perfect confidence in the legal power which the possession of his office gives him. It will be a terrible struggle for self-existence, if ever the British monarchy shall be exposed to the intense anger of a great and powerful majority, such as unsuccessfully assailed the presidential career of Andrew Johnson. In no city in Europe could men continue to hold power, as it is held to-day in New York, by those who are known to have taken millions of dollars from their constituents. Our mercantile capital presents the spectacle of a community whose rulers have violated every law of honesty, yet who rely on the respect due the majesty of law to keep their offices without violence during the full term for which they were elected.

The army and navy of England would generally be supposed to be the very headquarters of aristocratic privilege. Yet this present year has seen the most aristocratic of all privileges, that of purchase, taken away from the army; while, in the same year, two events have occurred in the English and American navies, fully representative of the two nationalities. The splendid English steamer *Agincourt* was stranded near Gibraltar. A court-martial was forthwith convened, the finding of which was a reprimand for the inferior officers who, at the time of the accident, were in charge of the deck. But the English admiralty, strongly backed by public opinion, took a different view of the matter. It ordered Vice-Admiral Wellesley to strike his flag, notwithstanding his previous distinguished services; suspended from his command Rear-Admiral Wilmot, also on board the *Agincourt*; and retired on half-pay all the inferior officers of the deck; while other censures were liberally distributed to all the fleet-officers.

This same season has witnessed the stranding of the American steamer *Guerrière* on Vado Rook, near Leghorn. Her commander had, the previous year, run the same vessel, bearing the remains of America's greatest naval hero, ashore, in full daylight, if we remember aright, on a well-known shoal off Nantucket. And the country well remembers the feeling that thrilled through it when it was announced that Farragut's body had left the convoy of the United States Navy, and had been brought to New York in one of James Fisk's steamers. Here was one of our men-of-war wrecked twice, in two consecutive seasons, under the same officers. But the country has yet to learn if any punishment was inflicted on its officers for this double shipwreck. And the Navy Department informed the writer that all that would be done in the case of the *Guerrière* had been done; and that, whatever this was, would be kept from the public.

A century ago, and under much political excitement, Admiral Byng was tried for attacking the French fleet off Minorca, against the advice of a council of war, and for not doing his best in the subsequent battle. He was condemned to death, but recommended to mercy. The recommendation was disregarded, and the old veteran shot. Just imagine, for an instant, the reception a parallel proposition would meet with in this country to shoot General McClellan, or any other leader, whom party opposition might allege to have been derelict of duty in time of war!

But we rise to a question of privilege of a more peaceful kind; one that has to do with letters, though not with literature. Thirty-two years ago, the lords and commons of England, in Parliament assembled, voted that the franking privilege be then and thereafter abolished; and that, from that day, all letters should be prepaid. Even her majesty has to expend a penny for the counterfeit resemblance of her own countenance, before she can send a letter through the mails. This English privilege was abolished after four years' discussion by one man, Rowland Hill; and he was an outsider, clothed with no official power. Since that day, a whole generation of men has passed away; but not this American privilege. For twelve years the postmaster-generals of the United States, following the lead of Hon. Joseph Holt, have not only recommended the abolition of the franking privilege, but have named it specifically as the great obstacle to lower rates of postage. "The franking privilege has grown to be an abuse so monstrous that it now threatens the very life of the service." "I despair, however, of securing any further reduction of letter-postage, as long as the franking privilege shall be permitted to impose upon the department an irredeemable deficiency." "Should Congress conform to my recommendations in this respect, I confidently predict

that millions will be saved annually to the government; that the department will be at once redeemed from its present condition of chronic bankruptcy, and that the postal service will speedily become the potent coadjutor of the people, in developing and adorning our great country." Such is the uniform language of the different reports of the postmaster-generals; but all in vain. "Of the five millions of dollars paid for the transportation of free mail matter, about one-half," says Postmaster-General Creswell, "is paid on fraudulent matter!" Of what other governmental expense can it be said that one-half is fraudulent? Even the percentage of the whiskey-ring pales before it.

Here is a privilege costing the government five millions of dollars a year, but from which its possessors only realize two and a half millions. And yet honorable members, greatly anxious for national economy on all other points, refuse to yield! More petitions have passed into Congress on this subject than on any other in our country's history. The entire nation wants lower postage, and could have it reduced thirty-three per cent., were it not that the members of the national legislature are unwilling to give up their power of sending and receiving letters free. The Post-Office Department is continually bankrupt, having met its expenses but once in the last twenty years. During this time, those expenses have been fifty-seven millions of dollars less than its receipts. "I am thoroughly satisfied," says the postmaster-general, "that, if the franking privilege were abolished, and all matter passing through the mail charged with its fair share of postage, the department would, in a short time, become self-sustaining." Yet our legislators decline to make it self-sustaining, for this can only be done by taking away a privilege.

No privilege should enthrone itself in the habits of a republican community, in opposition to the interests of the people; yet franking is opposed to their pecuniary, commercial, and literary interests. Allowing every senator and every representative to write three-and-thirty letters a day—and this is five if not ten fold more than the average—the amount of postage thus saved in the course of a year is between ninety and one hundred thousand dollars; and, for this amount of petty personal savings, two and a half million dollars are fraudulently taken from our postal receipts. For every dollar the legislator saves, the country pays twenty-five. And so each year Congress is called upon to pass a supplemental Post-Office deficiency bill of from four to six million dollars. Franking is a special privilege, granted to a favored few, at the expense of the many; for those who do not pay their postage themselves, force others to do it for them. It keeps postage at three cents. It defrauds the government of two and a half million dollars a year. And it puts a republic more than thirty years behind a monarchy in uprooting an evil that oppresses every one who writes a letter. Surely Congress can do no better act than seriously to consider this "question of privilege."

WILLIAM R. HOOPER.

FOUND.

IN dreams, long years ago, I saw a face—
A woman's—noble, sweet, and fair,
That shone upon me from some happy place,
And bade me seek her there.

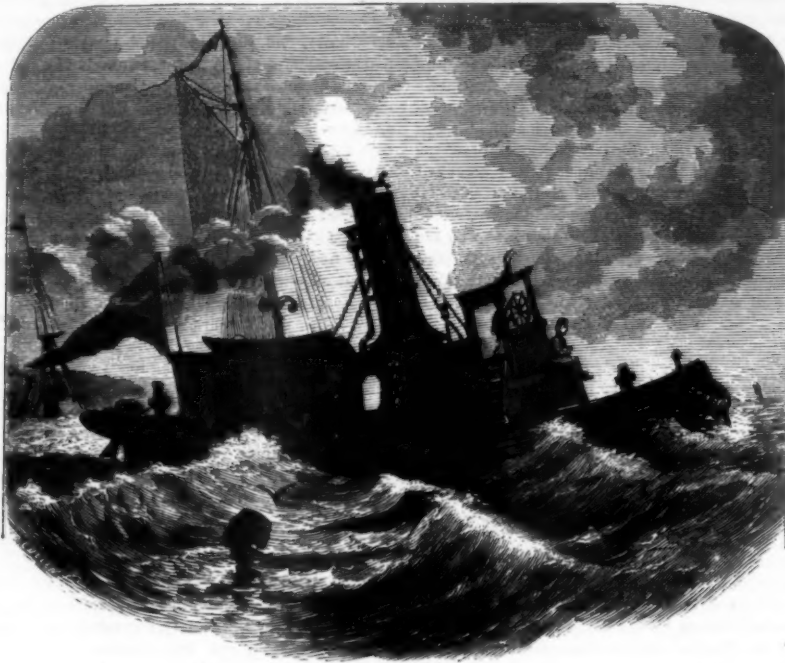
So, forth I went, and traversed many ways,
Peopled with fair, and rich, and young,
And sometimes paused to wonder or to gaze,
But found not her among.

Yet once we met: blithe was my heart, I ween,
Deeming attained the goal I sought;
But ah! the world's cold shadow grew between,
And still I found her not.

She died: I sought her grave with solemn cheer,
Thinking to lighten my despair.
I found a form of clay, within a bier,
But her—I found not there!

What more? The flesh decays; but in my heart
She lives as ever, fresh and fair.
O God, who mad'st us, she is where Thou art,
And I shall find her—there!

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.



THE TUG.

NEW-YORK HARBOR.

FOR a good example of strength and pluck, give me a tug-boat. And, above all, let me have a New-York tug-boat; one of those powerful, buoyant, adventurous concerns, which reminds one of the little bully at school, whose muscles and vim inevitably carried the day against all comers. The harbor is full of them. All day long their querulous shrieks torture the pastoral ear, and come from all possible quarters and all possible distances. The shrill treble may burst in full cry and chorus from any one quarter near the docks, distracting all human beings within half a mile, and rendering all conversation but a pantomimic show, or may come in a frail quaver from some solitary, struggling boat far up the rivers or far down the bay, yelping for assistance in a tone not entirely barren of plaintiveness. In the general noise of the harbor, whistling preponderates. In the general movement of the harbor, the genus tug is the principal ingredient, and, in the general bustle, liveliness, action of the harbor, the omnipresent tug plays the major fiddle. Subtract the tug, and the shipping will become paralyzed; South Street will fall in ruins, and Hell Gate will resume its warfare upon the bewildered schooners.

Relief, help, profit, speed, are all vested in the tug. Personally, it is a detached bundle of sinews. It has not a superfluous timber in its buxom body, but is all taut, trim, and immensely strong. Seen at a moderate distance, it is a reeling patch of black, surmounted by a patch of brown, which represents the wheel-house and engine-room. Seen at a great distance, it is the small end of a series of mighty puffs; and, seen near by, it is a placid-looking dwarf, full of strength and vigor.

While awaiting work, they lie several feet deep at the ends of the piers, which are their headquarters, gently rising and falling on the slate-colored tide, and softly emitting a life-like purr from their engines. Peace pervades, and the drowsy lap-lap of the water appears able to seduce them from labor for all future time. Tranquillity and languor fall upon the captain in his perch, upon the prostrate deck-hands, upon the somnolent cook, and there is an afternoon effect.

Suddenly there are life and dispersion, as though a child had laid violent hands upon an ant-hill. Every blue-shirted person leaps to his feet, and, seizing the nearest hawser, throws it off. The captains withdraw their torsos into their crystal holes, struggle with the enor-

mous wheels, pull short whistles, and in thirty seconds the group is flying all over the visible harbor.

To a layman, no cause seems to have occurred; no call, no signal, no hint. But, to the river-man, there are sights and sounds as fraught with importance and money as those which stir the drivers of the Broadway stages, or which, in the woods, kept Leatherstocking on the anxious seat. And these signs are nearly as subtle as those of wood-craft or 'bus-craft. A shade of a glance, the elevation of skipper-fingers in the distance, the form of certain crafts which loom into sight behind the distant hills and islands, the lazy flutter of an infinitesimal rusty flag, or any one of a dozen such minute departures from a common course, will blow all tuggish quietude to the four winds.

It is exhilarating to see them go. Majesty and dignity they have not, but a sort of amusing energy they have in the highest degree. As Frenchmen express it, they carry their noses in the air. From their quarters there continually burst spasmodic jets of steam; they fly rapidly with a steady, settled aim, and scuttle away like hasty crabs. Behind their round sterns the water is kicked and pounded by their propellers until it resembles a mad mill-race, and the waves made by them make most of the wash to be seen. They are concerned in almost all transactions about the wharves where the shipping lies, but comparatively little in the affairs of the North River, which is the steamer side of the city.

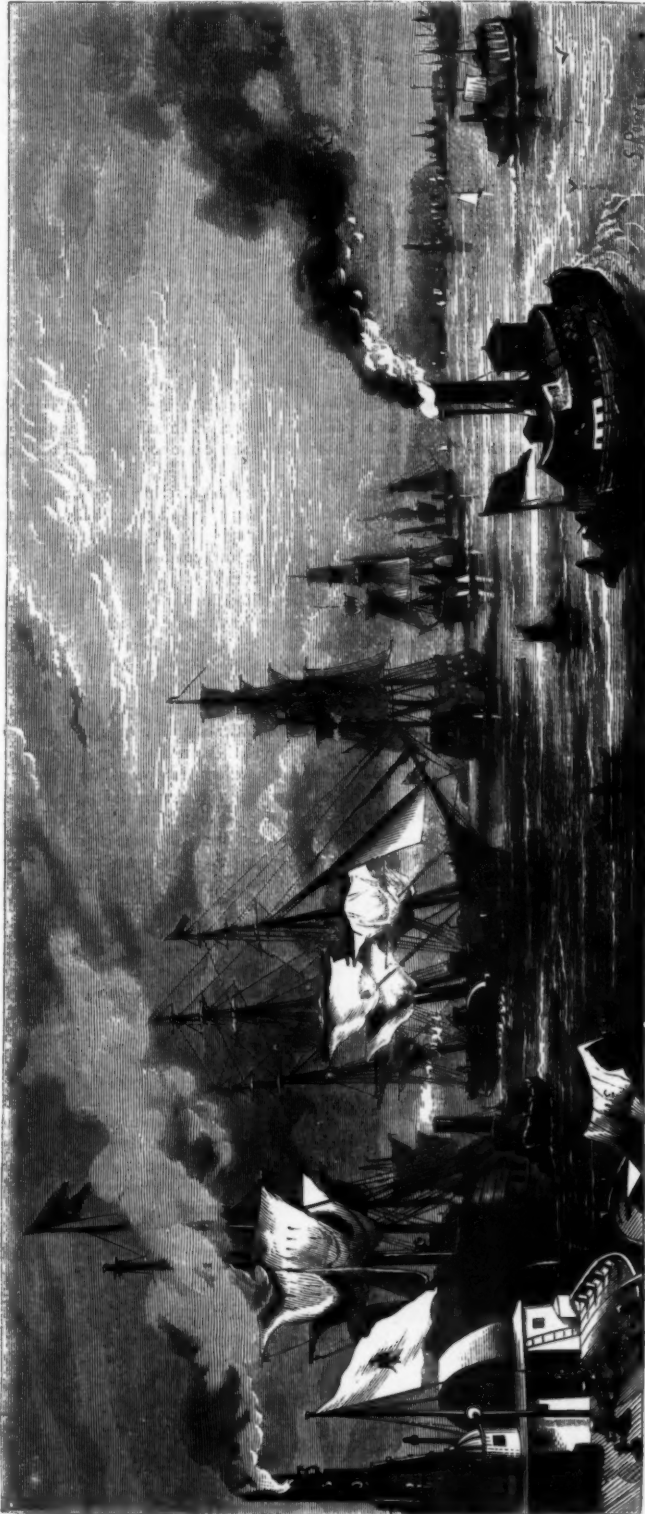
It must always be a matter of profound wonder that our harbor is not a marine charnel-house, a repository of the bodies and bones of the craft which venture within its limits. How frightful collisions are avoided is a perpetual matter of wonder even to the river-men themselves. Three distinct currents of river-travel converge before the Battery, and yet each individual craft goes scot-free, without even so much as a scare. Down the East River there is a perpetual throng of Eastern vessels, sometimes half a dozen abreast, propelled by a strong northern wind, dashing along under full sail amid ships at anchor and in tow, and yet they come out at the bottom of the gantlet without having sunk themselves, or any thing else. Across their paths there is a brace of huge ferry-boats, always ready to push themselves, and obstructions are as thick as possible, and still no damage is done.

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Steering has attained a sublime refinement in this locality, yet it requires enormous faith to observe two huge vessels rushing toward each other without a sinking of the heart at the apparent prospect of a ruinous shock.

Shortly before any noon of the year, the neighborhood of the East River is a delightful sight for the eye. There is always a countless and confused mass of shipping clinging close to the water-edge of Brooklyn, and a still more multitudinous group thickly ranged up and down the eastern border of our city, and between these two fringes flows the highway leading from the Sound to the sea below. To the mercantile taste, no exhibition could be more in consonance; but, to one with a fancy for the picturesque, very few could be more gratifying.

Every thing that is not tied up to the wharves, or chained down to the mud, is in a true American hurry. A cloud of crafts is always passing over to Brooklyn at a thousand angles, another cloud is always coming over here, and two more clouds are ceaselessly passing each other up and down in the centre, like contradancers at a rural ball. The general tone is gray. The water has that tint; all the sails, more or less mildewed, and either hanging heavily down, or bellying out, have it; the black color of the hulls, tempered by the glare of the sun, also presents it; and the foliage of ropes and complex hampers possess it. To the left, that is, up toward the Sound,



SCENE IN THE EAST RIVER.

the river takes an abrupt turn, and the place appears to be a densely-crowded bay, hazy with the dust of the city, shady and cool in its farthest depths, but always possessing life in the centre. Beautiful flags stretch out now and then, and a burst of music is not unfrequent, as it is fitfully wafted downward from a gay, pretty steamer, melting gradually away to the northward. A tragic shape of broken masts, shattered and discolored hull, and ribboned sail, is not always absent, and some pretty, fragile toy of a yacht is always present. Inclined sails are perpetually swooping here and there; ships are always being gathered in or turned out; something is always coming or going. Into the softened vista above, there are constantly floating from the unseen river the graceful figures of tall-masted brigs, the struggling, stone-laden sloops, and white and mighty berglike steamboats of majestic carriage.

Our tugs play the great part in the spectacle. Few objects move without their assistance. I see a great ship with no sails, cock-billed yards, lofty masts, and monstrous bulk, float slowly into the stream, turn slowly around, and then gather way against wind and tide and move off. Its motive power remains a mystery until another view discloses a remorseless little tug thrashing the water fiercely with its propeller, straining every timber, emitting angry rushes of steam, fighting manfully against adverse circumstances, and finally bearing

the towering monster off, with the triumph of a McStinger over a Bunsby. Again, one frequently observes what appears to be a tolerably complete village boldly cutting itself loose from the land, and standing out to sea without any appropriate shrieks of terror from its inhabitants. Barns, houses, steeples, door-yards, seem to be present—every thing but the something which guides it. The thing is, of course, a tug. It is in the highway of the hamlet, in the market-place, in the middle, and it whisks the adjacent structures about with a reckless fashion which sets them to heaving and grinding together with the motion of an ice-floe.

Wharves often appear to take to themselves fins, and swim out into the stream, as if they had merely dissolved connection with the land, as all wharves at times are accustomed to do. Close inspection, however, reveals, not a wharf, but a flock of canal-boats—sturdy, iron-bound hulks—painted white, and fastened tightly and safely to the inevitable tug, while the captains of them, in white shirt-sleeves, take a vacation, and smile ecstatic smiles at their neat and knitting wives on account of the pleasure derived from going fast.

The Battery is the place for observation. At this moment there rests in the foreground the great monitor Dictator, a powerful craft with a powerful name. White awnings cover her flat deck, a pagoda of canvas surmounts her mysterious turret, and she resembles a peaceful croquet-ground. A score or two of blue-colored men, and a few picked out in gold, walk up and down, while the waves all but reach them. An ominous and threatening prow, shod with iron, lifts its bulk just out of the water, and two black gorges, in the circular pile on deck, are all that hint of battle.

To the right there happens to lie the most beautiful, the trimmest, the shapeliest naval vessel that mortal man ever looked upon—a cruiser of great speed and powerful armament. What is capable of receiving a polish, has it to the fullest extent. Whatever is black, is marvellously so. Whatever is, is to the completest and most perfect point. Blue flannel and gold-lace are here visible, also. The guns stand out boldly; the masts are brown; the stays and ropes are tightly drawn.

Around these two stationary objects there whirls the incessant travel which enlivens the bay. A glance of the eye embraces at once the great forts, the purplish island, the clearly-defined hills, and the broad and glowing expanse of sparkling water.

The sky is clear, the air is pure, and the sun is brilliant. The tides of vessels bound in, and the tides of those going out, together with the separate and distinct tides of those going east and west, here meet like the great tides of water, and make a whirlpool. Every floating thing seems unable to resist, but appears to be drawn near and involved in it. The most stately ships in all the disorder of departure, or all the trimness of fresh arrival from sea, dignify the hubbub with their towering shapes.

Empty crafts, as crank as bark canoes, rush with all sails set into the thick of the fray, seemingly bent solely upon mischief. Hulks, loaded within an inch of destruction, lumber through the water, and fall athwart the course of every thing they can reach. Yellowish pyramids of hay, piled on broad flats, swing awkwardly round and round, as if they had lost their rustic heads and were confused beyond recovery. Tall elevators, floating upon hulls of great breadth, move in, head and shoulders above every thing else, and stagger out at the other side. Annihilation of every floating thing is apparently threatened by the frequent advent of steamers having in tow, at the end of long cables, packs of ice-boats. Immigrant barges, filled with crowds of thoroughly-astonished fresh arrivals, float swiftly toward Castle Garden, all alive with fluttering handkerchiefs and saluting arms. All sort of ships, which ever floated on a Christian sea, have been present upon this spot, and have contested the rights of way. Every visible thing is constantly backing, or filling, or drawing up, or sheering off. Nothing is quiet; nothing is contented with its present position, but it seems all-important to get in the way of something else. Groups of odd colors and shapes collect, and then disperse only to form again farther on. Each craft threads a devious way, and fights a desperate fight all along the path. Confusion reigns, disorder is paramount, and one is sometimes led to believe that the items in the general congress will forget and lose their identities and come out half brick-bat and half bark, or half elevator and half jolly-boat.

The tumult is always fierce. Whistles of all calibres, from the puny tootle of a man-of-war's launch to the resonant, ponderous bass of an ocean-steamer, form the staple. Blocks never cease to fall

from aloft, nor ropes to rattle, nor men to swear and scream, nor paddle-wheels to splash, nor propellers to kick, nor steam to blow off with a croupy boom.

The sea resounds like the docks. Every thing gives out its peculiar call. Heavy and brown men, of all known nations, swell the noise with their voices. The shouts of the laborers, the "Yo-heave-ho!" of the sailors, the eternal creak and grind of the thousand windlasses, the rattle of chains, the splashing of disturbed water, never fall, although at one particular time in the day they sink perceptibly away for an hour.

This is when noon arrives. One may never be in doubt of the advent of another mid-day.

Sharp on the instant every engine for two miles around lifts its deafening voice and bellows for an awful minute. Columns of white steam rush up from the tops of lofty buildings, among the thick rigging of the ships at the wharves, from hulks in mid-stream, which hitherto have seemed dead and lifeless, from all manner of angles and points, and proclaim meridian and dinner with a roar which sounds as if it came from thirsty throats.

Every thing almost immediately drops into quietude. The sun seems to come out with extra scorching violence, and men and matters instantly droop. The sails hang listlessly down. The noisy cranks stop, the chains cease to rattle, and the hoarse voices quit their occupations.

Heat rises in quivering waves from the glowing surface of the water, every flag grows limp and hides its nationality. The dredges suspend their gaping shovels mid-air and right themselves. Somnolence and languor overcome even the ubiquitous tugs, and sleepiness pervades the world.

The yellowish glow deepens, and mankind, after hasty rinsing, disappears to dinner. Crafts and localities once populous are now deserted. The busy caulkers have stopped tapping at their seams in vessels' sides, and the stagings are empty. Deck-hands have fled to the cool recesses of wharf-sheds, and coal-heavers slumber in the shade. The perfume of pipes slowly fills the heated air, and the murmurs of mastication arise on every hand.

Now and then an unseemly splash of oars may be heard as some unhappy, noonless crew propel their boat amid the dead surroundings, and anon some unreverential ferry-boat swings its ponderous bulk against the yielding piles at the dock. But the interruptions only heighten the sense of stagnation. The cessation of all bustle and movement makes the effect of weariness and hunger appear like the effect of an epidemic. One is led to think of those terrible pestilences which, sweeping along the coasts of the Old World, used to snatch off a population from their daily tasks and joys, and leave the grain unground, the grapes half pressed, the meals half eaten, and bargains half consummated; and throw down the people across the thresholds, behind the doors, and in the poisoned shade, black, swollen, and dead, where a few hours before they had lived. The present scene is not much like that one, but still there is a hint of it; there is something of the stagnation, the quick suspension midway in the various tasks, and the prostrate forms. The difference lies in its being able to come to life again, which it promptly does at one o'clock, when, after another prolonged whistle from all the engines, the sluggish men erect themselves and go about their labors: the windlasses begin to creak again, the caulkers to caulk, the heavers to heave, the ropes to strain, the dredgers to dredge, and the turmoil to develop itself anew, much as the farmer's old clock returned to its seconds and hours after its famous rebellion in the kitchen.

The wide North River is a quieter place. There is much less change in it. It is the home of all the great steamers. It is more dignified, as here all the crafts have their regular docks, into which they go on their returns from sea, exactly as an aristocratic householder goes into his domicile at the end of the day. In the East River all the crafts are mere boarders and lodgers. They go where they list, on any errand they choose, and as far as circumstances require. But the magnificent steamer? No!

It is stabled in palatial quarters. Colored lanterns designate its place at night, and no other hull dares usurp the spot. Freights are carried to them; they do not go around here and there to fill themselves up, nor to deliver what they have brought. Throngs of men are permitted to uncover holes in the decks and the sides, and to extract every thing they find and welcome, but the steamer does not trouble itself. It lies still until the men have put something more on

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board, when, at stated times, whether it is filled or not, it calmly clears out of its own accord, to repeat the same operation in some other port.

Thus the tugs have here comparatively little to do. Numerous ferry-boats are momentarily launched from both sides of the river, and there trickles down the Hudson a thin stream of produce and cattle-laden barges, ice-boats, and beautiful passenger-steamers, but the hurly-burly of the East River is not to be found in this region. A mild placidity overspreads the scene. More vessels lie at anchor, more landscape is visible, and there is more space.

Across the way are the wide docks belonging to the great ocean-lines of steamers, whose brightly-colored funnels stand out vividly to the eye, and bring to one's mind those immortal steamer-days when nearly half a score of these leviathans, prinked out in new tar-paint and a glory of flags, back out of their docks and stand away in solemn procession for the great Atlantic.

Evening and nightfall on the rivers and bay must always best develop the charms of the places. It is then that the outlines begin to melt, the colors to blend, and the tumult of the city to fade away. A calm seems to exhale from every portion of the scene. At a certain hour several immense white pyramids detach themselves from their piers and float gracefully out on the stream in the waning sunlight, and, amid the purplish haze, glide along, some northward and some southward. Strains of rich music float downward from the broad decks, numberless flags languidly unfold themselves in the soft air, and glimpses of great luxury appear through the open state-room windows and doors.

No noise ensues save the slow, churning revolutions of the ponderous wheels; and the sight of pleased faces looking down from above awakens one to the thought that the whole scene is something refined and beautiful.

Shadows begin to stretch over from the heights beyond, and Staten Island retains nothing but the faintest glow on its hills.

Evening attacks the movement in the harbor as noon did, though more gradually. Matters are longer in coming to a stand-still, but the process of darkening slowly quenches the noise. Even the flat monitor throws a long shade toward Brooklyn, and the sloop-of-war becomes a monster of prodigious blackness.

A few belated tug-boats wander homeward, the schooners have anchored, lowered their sails, and now carelessly swing with the tide.

In an hour more, lights begin to move up to the mast-heads and bows; the ferry-boats grow ghostly and dim; New York, Weehawken, and all the country around, become but a *silhouette*, and night sets in. Now and then over the water there floats the faint sound of a violin or flute wrung out by some mournful and studious mariner. A series of hails from unseen men to unseen trespassers echo among the hulks and rigging, and the sharp barks of watch-dogs, multiplying as they continue, at times make the place unbearable.

Lights reign supreme. Every thing that floats at anchor possesses one; the ferry-boats each carry three; pier-heads are designated by them; distances marked and courses pointed. All the sights have vanished, and the property involved is intrusted for the night to a few wicks and a little kerosene.

UP THE BRANDYWINE.

THERE are perhaps few cities in the Union possessing finer suburbs than Wilmington, Delaware. Lying, as it does, between the outstretched arms of the Brandywine and Christiansa, where they spring forth to join the Delaware, it possesses ample water-views; while the noble hills, stretching away to the west, afford at once the choicest points for observation, and a purity of atmosphere seldom surpassed. From some of these heights the blue waters of the Delaware may be seen for a length of nearly fifteen miles.

Opposite, beyond their shimmering bounds—like a devotee's dream of heaven—lies the hazy outline of New Jersey; and, as in the one case, faith pictures the immortal fruits flushing its Eden bowers, so a slight effort of the imagination is sufficient to clothe *this* green shore with strawberries and melons fit for the table of the gods.

Southward, across the Christiansa, is the causeway—a fine carriage-drive built through the marshes at the confluence of the Delaware and Christiansa. It is a favorite evening resort of the citizens when—

... "Summer airs blow cool
On the oat-grass, and the sword-grass, and the bulrush in the pool."

Stately turnouts and graceful pony phaetons then throng the road, and gay carriage-wraps and fluttering ribbons light up a picture which only needed color to render it charming. Various other avenues lead forth through rich farming-lands, dotted with handsome villas and sleepy, orchard-embowered homesteads; but the suburb, *par excellence*, is the region bordering the romantic Brandywine—the sparkling Brandywine, renowned in history and song, gliding between hills which only the modesty of true greatness debars from the name of mountains; flashing and gurgling over shallow fords; deepening into lake-like calm and shadow; twisting and doubling upon itself like an overgrown brooklet; driving scores of manufactories; nourishing a legion of peaceful hamlets along its banks, and telling the one story of beauty and usefulness from its source to its outlet.

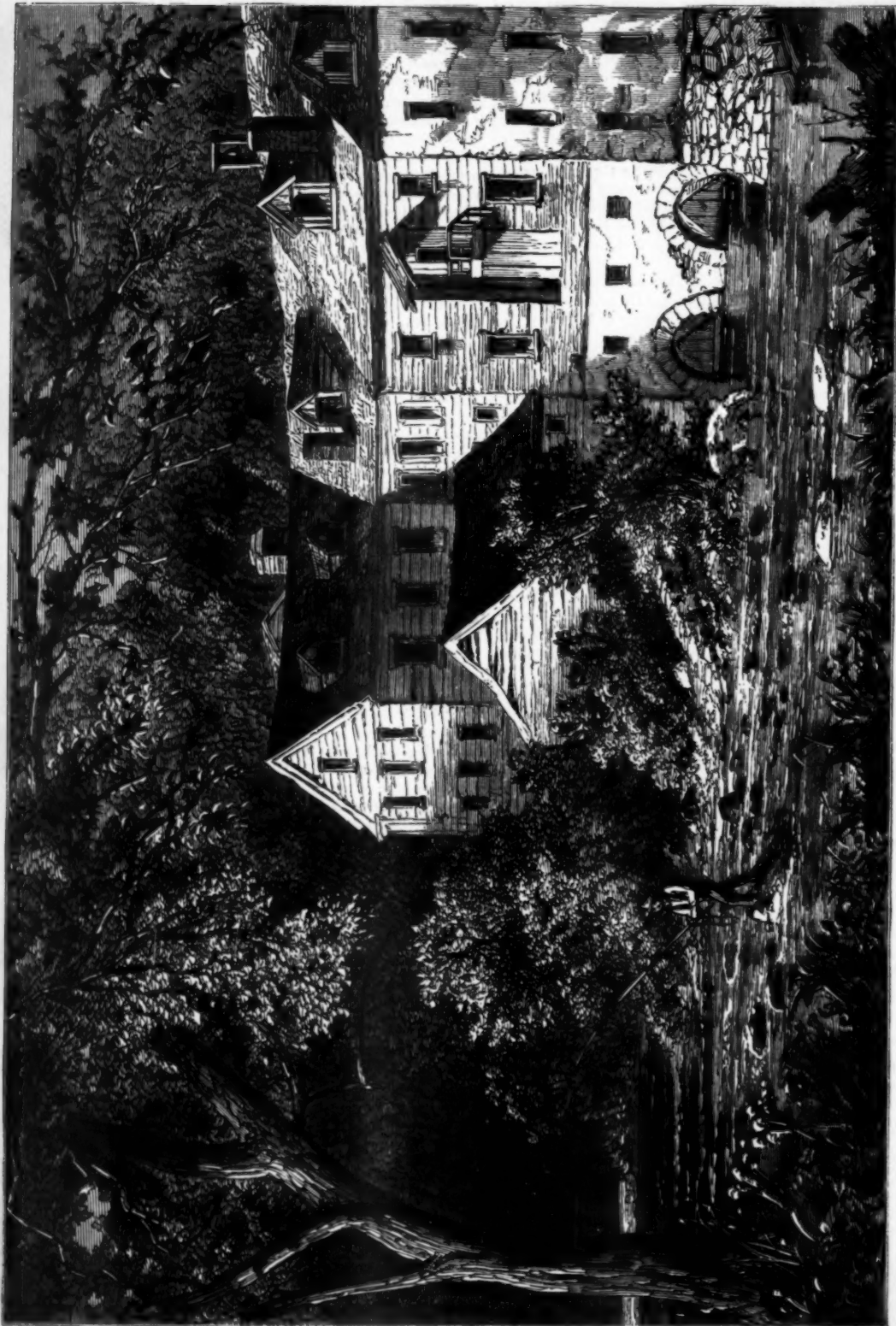
Nestling in a shady nook by this pearl of streams, less than half a mile above the city limits, is the pretty little village of Augustine. It is the site of one of the paper-mills owned by Messrs. Jessup & Moore. The place is frequently called "The Lower Bank," in contradistinction to the larger village and paper-works at Rockland, two or three miles higher up the creek, owned by the same firm. The scenery in the vicinity is exceedingly beautiful. Opposite lie gently-undulating fields, mellow with the highest cultivation; but behind, and to the north, stand the "everlasting hills," bidding eternal defiance to the ambition of the husbandman. These hills, some of which reach a height of one hundred and fifty feet, are covered with deciduous trees from base to summit—beautiful with freshest verdure through the summer, gorgeous as if spread with the curtains of Ahasuerus's feast in the autumn; but never so solemnly grand as when in winter, crowned with the snowy blossoms of adversity, they stand like hoary priests with uplifted arms, as if pleading for all tender perishing things at their feet, and crying, "How long, O Lord, how long?"

Besides these natural attractions, the neighborhood contains several points of local interest. Not far distant is the "Manitoo," a picnic-grove, supplied with platform, etc., for dancing; the celebrated "Happy Valley," a sunny glade lying between the trees, home of the earliest anemones, and sacred to Cupid and—flirtation; "Lovers' Rock," bearing more hieroglyphics than the famous Moabite Stone, and "Will's Rock," the legendary retreat of a deserter in the days of the Revolution.

During the last ten years, great changes have been made in the paper-works. The first building, originally a snuff-mill (see illustration), has been so entirely altered, and so surrounded by larger and costlier structures, as to bear little resemblance to its former appearance. A destructive fire, which occurred at Rockland three years ago, would seem to have impressed the proprietors with the value of fire-proof buildings. Not only was the factory there rebuilt with the strongest combination of iron and stone, but the works at Augustine are rapidly being rendered impregnable to the fiery foe.

A little below the factory lies the "settling pond"—an artificial lake for furnishing clear water when the creek is muddy. For even the Brandywine, in a rainy time, shows a color too deep for the counteracting influence of indigo or ultra-marine. But this arrangement, good as it is, is soon to be superseded by the sinking of an Artesian well.

In the whole circle of manufactures, there are few prettier sights than the process of making white paper. From the great tank-room, where the pulp shows fair and white—like the toothsome curd set forth by hospitable country housewives—it flows away, over the felts and between the rollers, first a thin, milky stream, but gaining all the time in consistency and dryness, until, snipped off into sheets by the great cutter, it flutters downward, and, caught by the deft hands of busy girls, is laid smoothly upon the table ready for the counting and folding of the finishing-room. Visitors are apt to imagine that these "cutter-girls," as they are called, have a very easy time of it. And it does look easy, sitting with neat hair and dainty cuffs and collars, handling nothing more offensive than fresh white paper; but when we remember that they sometimes occupy the one position for three or four hours at a stretch, that this is repeated day after day, through months and years, and that, during each third week they are obliged to rise from their beds and come to their labor at midnight, we realize that not alone those who toil at "seam and gusset and band," bear their full share of the working-women's burden. Yet there is not one



ON THE BRANDYWINE.

BY GRANVILLE PERKINS.

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of these girls but would feel degraded if offered a pleasant home and unbroken sleep upon the condition of domestic service.

I was quite surprised, while visiting one of the mills, to find that, in addition to the ultra-marine already mentioned, a little carmine is used in clearing the paper. But the explanation given by the polite foreman was one which a moment's remembrance of the philosophy of colors might have suggested—namely, that, as the union of blue and yellow forms green, so the yellowish-white of the pulp, when touched by the ultra-marine, takes on a faint sea-green tint, to rectify which a small portion of crimson is needed.

"Or it will do, for *rouge*," added our guide, squeezing out a handful of pulp, pouring a few drops of the bright fluid upon it, and handing it gallantly to one of the young ladies of our party.

The fact of Augustine lying so near Wilmington causes it to be much visited by the citizens of the latter place. A beautifully-shaded road, supplied with numerous wayside fountains of Nature's own formation, leads all the way out from the city. From the first warm days of spring, when bright-eyed girls come back to town laden with starry sanguinaria and golden-tufted spice-wood, till the same fair pedestrians return, late in the autumn, bearing scarlet berries and trailing vines of crimson and purple, "up the Brandywine" is the favorite walk of old and young.

The writer remembers one bright Indian-summer day, lying far back in the years, when a bery of merry school-girls, chaperoned by a mild lady teacher, paid a visit to Augustine. After romping through the mill, to the annoyance of the workmen, and, it may have been—though we little guessed it then—to the envy of the girls seated at their monotonous task, we scattered about over the adjacent hills, the younger children seeking nuts, the elder ones sitting in groups wearing garlands of scarlet leaves or golden-rod, and chatting in the vein of speculative sentiment which forms so large a part of the conversation of incipient young ladies. Prominent among our number was one Jessie—ripe-lipped, tulip-cheeked, a leader by reason of her sixteen years, and a diamond-ring, which was vaguely supposed to signify an engagement. She was a high-priestess of this sentimental discussion already mentioned, and was generally surrounded by a group of eager votaries. The present occasion was no exception. Seated under a spreading walnut, which littered all the ground with narrow, golden leaves, she held forth to a breathlessly attentive audience. One little girl, who should have been among the nutters, lingered depreciatingly near; and, finally, being unrebuked, nestled down at her feet, drinking in the first drops of that wild wine which restores, temporarily, the joys of Eden to impassioned youth. By-and-by, one of the children came to summon us homeward, but the interest was too intense for interruption. "Yes, directly, we shall overtake you," was the hurried answer, as the thrilling narrative was resumed. But, alas! time glided by unheeded. Doubtless the forbidden fruit was very sweet; but what a thrill of dismay filled the heart of one little culprit, as the sun suddenly dropped from view, and the early autumn shadows fell across the valley! Like a flock of frightened deer, we started up. The glory had vanished from the hills; the golden-rod was only a coarse, yellow weed, and the wild-asters no longer flaunted their royal purple on every hand. Through the rapidly-darkening wood, across the bridge, and up the long city-street, went our flying feet. Then the party separated; those who were day-scholars going to their several homes, and the one little girl already mentioned—the only boarder of the company, and who I may as well admit was myself—slipping timidly into the house, oppressed with a vision of a lost supper and a severe reprimand. Ah! but it was hard. There was music in the parlors, an echo of light feet and girlish laughter from the school-rooms above; but, in the dining-room, whither I directed my steps, only a length of bare, polished mahogany, and the deepening shadows of an October twilight. Well, there was no help for it. The brisk walk in the bracing air had sharpened my appetite, but the punishment was deserved. There could be no appeal, and I was turning away with a sadder heart than any but a child could have under the circumstances, when a door leading into the culinary regions was suddenly opened, and there, framed in a warm halo of firelight, appeared the turbaned head of sable Dinah—"our friend in the kitchen."

"Dat you, honey?" she asked, in her thick, motherly guttural; "you tink old Dinah done forgit you? Jess you wait a minute."

And, disappearing, she returned, bearing a tray laden with enough good things to console for past regrets, and to fortify against possible future consequences.

Ah me, what would one give for the keen enjoyment which a trifle could produce in childhood! As I said, it was years ago; but, while memory lasts, that cosy little supper of hot muffins, and crisp, brown egg-plant, will represent to my mind the unmerited blotting out of transgression, and the fatted calf in the feast of the Prodigal.

A. M. DAVIS.

THE SEINE AND THE MORGUE.

IF Paris formed a circle, the Seine would be its diameter, for it runs through the city at its widest part in a length of over six miles.

Flowing, as it does, into the sea at Havre, connected by means of canals with the Saône, Loire, Marne, Yonne, and Oise, and indirectly with the Rhone and Rhine, its commerce and industries hold an important place in the life of the French metropolis.

Fuel, cereals, fruits, wines, and building-materials, are constantly arriving by water from various *départements*. The traffic in each of these articles is immense, engaging a very large number of persons and vessels, and more or less interesting, of course, as the commerce in any particular one is greater or less.

But there are smaller industries of the Seine, peculiar to Paris alone, and well worthy more careful consideration than they have generally received.

Besides the large, flat-bottomed boats used in the general commerce, besides the saucy little steamers (popularly called *mouches*) that rush up and down with such an air of importance that you doubt whether they are of much consequence, after all—besides those, we say, the Seine at Paris floats a strange kind of craft, wholly its own—the *lavoir*, or washing-boat.

Compared with the small steamers before mentioned, these are eminently dignified and respectable: the former, nervous, active, irritating; the latter, calm, passive, soothing by contrast.

Imagine two long, flat barges, fastened side by side at a distance of twelve or fifteen feet from each other, and roofed over like our floating bath-houses, and you have an idea of the *lavoir*.

Of these there are some twenty-five, each paying an annual tax of one franc for every square yard of surface occupied; and, calculating their original cost at forty thousand francs, we wonder at first that there is room left for a margin of profit. But, considering that most of the washing for a population of one million eight hundred thousand souls is done at these twenty-five establishments, the business seems not so bad, after all.

Those sides of the *lavoir* that enclose the river are nearly on a level with it, so as to afford every facility for the grand process of scrubbing, rinsing, and beating.

The right of working here is charged at the rate of a sou an hour, or eight sous for the entire day. An additional eight sous furnishes the use of a drying-room for twenty-four hours. Let the reader imagine what a Babel of chattering tongues a *lavoir* is in the early part of the week!

The various business on the river and at its wharves gives employment to a large number of *colineurs*, *débardeurs*, and *dérouleurs*, who take the place of our stevedores, their office being to assist in the loading and unloading of cargoes.

Then, there are the *sabliers*, who, by means of a hand-dredge, bring up sand from the river-bottom, this article finding sale with the Paris gardeners, and also for various domestic purposes.

The *déchireurs* are another class, employed in the destruction of old hulks and worn-out craft of every description; their number is extremely small, as may be imagined.

The *tafouilleux* and *carapatas* might be called the guerrillas of the river, from their wandering, irregular life, their improvidence, and a propensity to regard as lawful prey whatever may fall into their hands and is not actually claimed by another. The *tafouilleux* corresponds to the *chiffonnier*. While the latter rummages the streets for all sorts of *trouvailles*—such as bits of paper and iron, rags, leather, cigar-ends—his brother of the river is on the lookout for stray pieces of wood and coal, old casks and bottles, a truant sock or handkerchief from the *lavoir*, a potato or an apple from the fruit-barges. In fact, nothing of the slightest value escapes their quick eye, and the finding of a *trésor* in the shape of coin or jewelry is not so rare a piece of luck as one would imagine.

The name *carapatas* is said to signify "black-duck," but it is impossible to say by what extraordinary involutions of translation or derivation this result is obtained. A black *sheep* the *carapatas* certainly is, and has the credit of all the lies told, thefts committed, and heads broken, in his immediate neighborhood.

He is jack-of-all-trades, and good at none. Whatsoever his hands find to do, that he does, but seldom with all his might. By day he is found along the quays, earning a few sous, now and then, with the *stevadores*, or turning in something to the *déchireurs*, or engaging temporarily with a *tafouilleux* when the latter has to do with some *grande affaire* that requires assistance. By night he is not found, that is, regularly in any one place; his home is nowhere and everywhere. He sleeps on the wharf, stowed away in a friendly hogshead or packing case; often, in the bottom of some abandoned boat; more often, perhaps, under the table in some miserable *estaminet*, after a wild carouse.

The Seine is the source of still another income to the *tafouilleux* and *carapatas*; irregular it is, indeed, and varying greatly with different seasons and years, but much larger and more certain than one would suppose. It is by them, more than by any other class, that most of the bodies are rescued from the river, employed as they constantly are on and about it. For every person rescued alive the prefecture of police pays a reward of twenty-five francs, and for every corpse fifteen francs. Thus the *plus* three hundred drowned in the Seine in 1869 cost the prefecture nearly five thousand francs, not to speak of twenty-six medals given for humane and courageous acts in the same year.

We are walking, say, on the Pont-Neuf or the Pont-au-Change, when suddenly there comes a cry from the Quai de l'Horloge:

"On se noie! On se noie!"

Hurrying in that direction, we arrive at length where two men are bending over and vigorously rubbing the wet, swollen body of a man, from which apparently all life is extinct.

A third person, in the uniform of a *commissaire de police*, is engaged about the head, endeavoring to renew the suspended respiration. Two or three by-standers, attracted, as ourselves, by the alarming cry, look on with pitying eyes, and complete the mournful scene. For a long time the *commissaire* and his assistants continue their efforts, but without success. The face grows more livid and distorted, the eyes more glaring, the body more swollen.

At length, they take up the sorry burden, and we follow them to a low, dark stone building on the river's edge. This is La Morgue.

Here the corpse is stripped, washed, and exposed on a stone slab, with water constantly flowing over it. If not claimed within three days, it is taken up and buried at the city's expense.

Scenes like the one just described would be much more common, were it not that the prefecture of police, with its customary care and foresight, has placed, at frequent intervals along the quays, boxes containing instruments and materials, with printed instructions showing their use in case of accident.

Besides a hall where bodies are publicly exposed, the building called La Morgue contains a registration-office, a room for *post-mortem* examinations, large closets where articles of clothing taken from the bodies or found in the Seine are kept, an office for the keepers, and their sleeping-apartment. The most minute details are entered on the register, and it would be amusing, were it not somewhat painful, to notice the cold, business-like way in which this process is gone through with.

Perhaps the most melancholy fact revealed by this record is that the number of entries goes on increasing every year, and at an alarming rate. For instance, in 1846, there were three hundred and two bodies sent to the Morgue, of which two hundred and fifty-seven were men and forty-five women. The year 1856 saw a large increase upon this—three hundred and twelve men, fifty women, and one hundred and thirteen infants; and in the following ten years this number was nearly doubled, for 1866 shows a record of seven hundred and eighteen entries—four hundred and eighty-six men, eighty-six women, and one hundred and forty-six infants.

In attempting to account for this frightful exhibit, we may derive some satisfaction from knowing that the search for bodies is now much more active and thorough than ever before; for the real reason, however, we have but to look at the moral corruption of Paris previous to the late siege, and which was revealed in all its horrors only by the glaring light of the burning city.

Of those five hundred and seventy-two adults brought to the Morgue in 1866, about one-half were rescued from the Seine, the rest meeting death in various ways, either at their own hands or in consequence of some accident or violence received.

It might be thought that the winter months, bringing cold weather and consequent misery, would bring naturally the largest number of violent deaths; but the Morgue record proves the opposite, and we find about eighty entries in April, May, and June, against less than forty in December and January.

This is not so strange, after all, since the struggle for daily bread in the cold months serves to cool the passions and to stir people into some sympathy with one another, while the careless, idle summer-time encourages looseness of living and a relaxation of all moral restraint, with the deplorable results we have just seen.

As the Seine sweeps ceaselessly down through that ever-restless, ever-changing mass of humanity called Paris, it might well chime, with Tennyson's brook in the well-known couplet:

"For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever."

GEORGE B. MILES.

JOHN WOOLMAN.

HE could be no ordinary man who, dwelling on the heights of evangelical belief, could be so esteemed by the drama-loving Charles Lamb, that he should advise all his friends to get Woolman's "Journal" by heart; should win the admiration of the Unitarian Channing; should be declared, by the *Westminster Review*, the organ of the scientific, as against the religious scholars of England, to be "of all His followers, the nearest to his Master;" should be read and loved by Crabb Robinson and the literary men of the commencement of this century; and of whom Bernard Barton could write that, since the time of Peter and of Paul—

"I know not of one whom my heart would allow
More worthy the name of apostle than thou."

Nor is it unworthy of literary men to ask why this "Journal" should be reprinted after the lapse of a century. Its author was a tailor, living in a small village of New Jersey; and of tailoring he rejected all the more lucrative branches. He chiefly occupied himself with the smallest class of business by which, even in those economical days, a support could be won. Living before the commencement of any distinctively American literature, he expressed his thoughts in the English of the common schools. And yet these thoughts have won the attention and admiration of scholars and literary men, for they show, in humblest language, the desire of a conscience to be at peace with its Maker even in the smallest details of daily life. No mirror ever reflected more faithfully the lineaments of him who looked upon it, than does this "Journal" give back the moral likeness of its author.

And yet there is scarcely one of his acts that, judged by itself alone, would not be considered eccentric, and, perhaps, the result of vanity. It is not till after those acts have been gathered up into the bundle of a rounded life that we see their beauty and consistency. So extreme are the tenderness and conscientiousness of the man, that we almost doubt his sincerity, till we can trace the underlying motive that inspired his actions. Obedience to spiritual conviction was the slender thread on which all the deeds of life were strung; a life of self-sacrifice, and consecration to the moral and spiritual welfare of others. He died of hard work and self-denial at the age of fifty-two; and not till death permitted the publication of his own record of his life could we perceive the full beauty and holiness of the character of John Woolman.

His whole nature appears to have been permeated with religion. "Before I was seven years old," he tells us, "I began to be acquainted with the operations of divine love. . . . This and the like gracious visitations had such an effect upon me that, when boys used ill language, it troubled me; and, through the continued mercies of God, I was preserved from that evil." It was at the age of eighteen that he was enabled to throw off all his inward vanities. External wickednesses gave him no uneasiness; it was the affections of the heart that he watched and desired to give to God. "I kept steadily to meetings; spent first-day afternoons chiefly in reading the Scriptures and other good books; and I was early convinced in my mind that true religion

consisted in an inward life, wherein the heart doth love and reverence God the Creator, and learns to exercise true justice and goodness, not only toward all men, but also toward the brute creatures; that, as by His breath the flame of life was kindled in all animal sensible creatures, to say we love God as unseen, and, at the same time, exercise cruelty toward the least creature moving by His life, or by life derived from Him, was a contradiction in itself. I found no narrowness respecting sects or opinions, but believed that sincere, upright-hearted people in every society, who truly love God, were accepted of Him."

Unlike most young men just entering upon life and seeking self-support or the accumulation of wealth, he steadily rejected those openings that seemed burdened with the cares of too heavy a business, or that he feared might be too lucrative. "I had several offers of business that appeared profitable, but I did not see my way clear to accept of them; believing they would be attended with more outward care and cumber than was required of me to engage in. I saw that an humble man, with the blessing of the Lord, might live on a little, and that, when the heart was set on greatness, success in business did not satisfy the craving, but that, commonly with an increase of wealth, the desire of wealth increased. There was a care on my mind so to pass my time that nothing might hinder me from the most steady attention to the voice of the true Shepherd."

Having married "a well-inclined damsel, Sarah Ellis," he established himself as the tailor of his little village; and so well did he do the work intrusted to him that his business grew too profitable; nor did he approve of supplying his customers with those trimmings that told of luxury and wealth. "Until this year, 1756, I continued to retail goods, besides following my trade as a tailor; about which time I grew uneasy on account of my business growing too cumbersome. I had begun with selling trimmings for garments, and from thence proceeded to sell clothes and linens; and at length, having got a considerable shop of goods, my trade increased every year, and the way to large business appeared open; but I felt a stop in my mind. Through the mercies of the Almighty I had, in a good degree, learned to be content with a plain way of living. I had but a small family; and, on serious consideration, believed truth did not require me to engage much in cumbering affairs. It had been my general practice to buy and sell things really useful. Things that served chiefly to please the vain mind in people, I was not easy to trade in; seldom did it; and, whenever I did, I found it weaken me as a Christian. The increase of business became my burden; for, though my natural inclination was toward merchandise, yet, I believed truth required me to live more free from outward cumbers; and there was now a strife in my mind between the two. In this exercise my prayers were put up to the Lord, who graciously heard me, and gave me a heart resigned to His holy will. Then I lessened my outward business; and, as I had opportunity, told my customers of my intentions, that they might consider what shop to turn to; and in a while I wholly laid down merchandise, and followed my trade as a tailor by myself, having no apprentice."

Whatever tended to endanger his soul or load his conscience, he declined. No act was of too little consequence, if its result might have any spiritual effect. Nor would he receive any profit from a transaction in which even his indirect action might do injustice to another. He was much sought after to draw up wills and deeds; but ever refused to write out those that would continue a wrong. His hand should never be the instrument to work evil. If, when drawing up a will, the testator desired to leave his slaves to his children, Woolman would refuse to incorporate the provision in the will. While yet a young clerk in a store, his employer "having a negro woman, sold her, and desired me to write a bill of sale, the man being waiting who bought her. The thing was sudden; and, though I felt uneasy at the thoughts of writing an instrument of slavery for one of my fellow-creatures, yet I remembered that I was hired by the year, that it was my master who directed me to do it, and that it was an elderly man, a member of our society, who bought her; so, through weakness, I gave way and wrote it; but at the executing of it, I was so afflicted in my mind, that I said, before my master and the friend, that I believed slavekeeping to be a practice inconsistent with the Christian religion. This, in some degree, abated my uneasiness; yet, as often as I reflected seriously upon it, I thought I should have been clearer if I had desired to be excused from it, as a thing against my conscience; for such it was. Some time after this, a young man of our society spoke to me to write a conveyance of a slave to him—

he having lately taken a negro into his house. I told him I was not easy to write it; for, though many of our meeting and in other places kept slaves, I still believed the practice was not right, and desired to be excused from the writing. I spoke to him in good-will, and he told me that keeping slaves was not altogether agreeable to his mind; but that, the slave being a gift made to his wife, he had accepted her."

This early incident in his career was typical of the man. Hating cruelty and injustice in his innermost nature, he spent his life in persistent efforts to ameliorate slavery, especially among the early Quakers. If that denomination, as a body, have been opposed to slavery, it is mainly due to the early labors of John Woolman. White slavery, in a modified form, was then an existent fact. "In a few months after I came here, my master bought several Scotchmen servants from on board a vessel, and brought them to Mount Holly to sell, one of whom was taken sick and died. In the latter part of his sickness, being delirious, he used to curse and swear most sorrowfully; and the next night after his burial I was left to sleep alone in the chamber where he died. I perceived in me a timorousness; I knew, however, I had not injured the man, but assisted in taking care of him according to my capacity. I was not free to ask any one, on that occasion, to sleep with me. Nature was feeble; but every trial was a fresh incitement to give myself wholly to the service of God, for I found no helper like Him in times of trouble." But the slavery of the blacks was then universal, and as general among Friends as with world's people. The life-struggle of Woolman was to testify in public and in private against it. He ever spake quietly to the slave-owning Friend, calling his attention to its injustice. Commencing early in life his visitations of the quarterly meetings, he was troubled in this wise: "When I ate, drank, and lodged, free-coast, with people who lived in ease on the hard labor of their slaves, I felt uneasy; and as my mind was inward to the Lord, I found this uneasiness return upon me, at times, through the whole visit. When the masters bore a good share of the burden and lived frugally, so that their servants were well-provided for, and their labor moderate, I felt more easy; but when they lived in a costly way, and laid heavy burdens on their slaves, my exercise was often great, and I frequently had conversation with them, in private, concerning it."

A year or more later he thus cleared his skirts of receiving the hospitality of those who lived by unremunerated labor:

"The way in which I did it was this: When I expected soon to leave a Friend's house where I had entertainment, if I believed that I should not keep clear from the gain of oppression without leaving money, I spoke to one of the heads of the family privately, and desired them to accept of these pieces of silver, and give them to such of their negroes as they believed would make the best use of them; and at other times I gave them to the negroes myself, as the way looked clearest to me. Before I came out, I had provided a large number of small pieces for this purpose; and thus offering them to some who appeared to be wealthy people, was a trial both to me and them. But the fear of the Lord so covered me at times, that my way was made easier than I expected; and few, if any, manifested any resentment at the offer, and most of them, after some conversation, accepted of them."

Another trouble, and one not so easily settled, was the payment of taxes, when part of the money so raised was to be used for purposes of war. In his eyes, war was sinful; to contribute toward its continuance was therefore sinful; should he pay taxes of which even the smallest percentage was to be used for this end? His "Journal" shows his conscientious scruples on this point, but not their solution. He only notes with satisfactory approval that the early Christians refused to pay taxes to support heathen temples. Once the question came before him in a more practical shape.

"On the fourth of Fourth month, 1758, orders came to some officers in Mount Holly to prepare quarters for a short time for about one hundred soldiers. An officer and two other men, all inhabitants of our town, came to my house. The officer told me that he came to desire me to provide lodging and entertainment for two soldiers, and that six shillings a week per man would be allowed as pay for it. The case being new and unexpected, I made no answer suddenly, but sat a time silent, my mind being inward. I was fully convinced that the proceedings in wars are inconsistent with the purity of the Christian religion; and to be hired to entertain men who were then under pay as soldiers, was a difficulty with me. I expected they had legal authority for what they did; and after a short time I said to the

officer: 'If the men are sent here for entertainment, I believe I shall not refuse to admit them into my house; but the nature of the case is such that I expect I cannot keep them on hire.' One of the men intimated that he thought I might do it consistently with my religious principles. To which I made no reply, believing silence at that time best for me. Though they spake of two, there came only one, who tarried at my house about two weeks, and behaved himself civilly. When the officer came to pay me, I told him I could not take pay, having admitted him into my house in a passive obedience to authority. I was on horseback when he spoke to me; and, as I turned from him, he said he was obliged to me; to which I said nothing; but, thinking on the expression, I grew uneasy; and, afterward being near where he lived, I went and told him on what grounds I refused taking pay for keeping the soldier."

And now another burden, too heavy to be borne, weighs on his tender conscience. The use of hats and garments, dyed for beauty or fashion with a dye hurtful to their native strength, made him uneasy in the inner man. Yet, the apprehension of being thought singular by his beloved Friends who had no scruples on this point, was a snare unto him for a while; and so he continued to wear dyed garments. But being taken ill of a fever "on the thirty-first of Fifth month, 1761," he felt a sinking down into a calm resignation of being willing to be esteemed eccentric even by his Friends. On his return to health, he procured a hat of the natural color of the fur, a proceeding that at once brought him into trouble. For an ever-varying fashion happened that year to make white hats the style; so that, wherever he went, he was in the extreme of fashion; and that self-denying minister, that testified to young Friends against all likeness to the world, came to the meeting-house covered with the hat of the extreme dandy. But as he continued steadfast, while the fashion of this world passed away, he finally appeared in garments of Nature's own color, that bore no testimony in favor of luxury.

Like John Eliot and David Brainerd, he was strongly affected toward the native Indian; and in 1761 he made a visit to those in the western part of Pennsylvania. Although wars and rumors of wars were then rife among the aborigines, he was not to be deterred from his labor of love. Knowing not a word of their differing dialects, he travelled four hundred miles by paths untrod by white men, that he might through an interpreter speak a few words of Christian love and kindness to them.

Three years before the battle of Bunker's Hill, he felt called on in the spirit to visit England, that he might there testify, as he had in America, against all worldliness. Finding that his beloved friend, Samuel Emlen, Jr., had taken passage in the ship *Mary and Elizabeth*, he desired to sail by the same vessel, but in the steerage, for which he gives the following reasons:

"That on the outside of that part of the ship where the cabin was, I observed sundry sorts of carved work and imagery; that in the cabin I observed some superfluity of workmanship of several sorts; and that, according to the ways of men's reckoning, the sum of money to be paid for a passage in that apartment has some relation to the expense of furnishing it, to please the minds of such as give way to a conformity to this world; and that in this, as in other cases, the moneys received from the passengers are calculated to defray the cost of these superfluities, as well as the other expenses of their passage. I therefore felt a scruple with regard to paying my money to be applied to such a purpose."

And so the tender-conscience voyager sailed for England in the steerage, often noting in his journal the evil tendencies of a nautical education upon young minds.

During the spring and summer months he travelled over England, finding great acceptance at quarterly meetings; but his continuous labors were too exhausting. His body, nearly as tender as his conscience, was too weak to bear the heavy strain of the absence of all earthly comforts. On first day, the 27th of Ninth month, 1772, he was attacked by small-pox. "Being asked to have a doctor's advice, he signified he had not freedom nor liberty in his mind so to do, standing wholly resigned to His will who gave him life, and whose power he had witnessed to raise and heal him in sickness before, when he seemed nigh unto death; and if he was to wind up now, he was perfectly resigned, having no will either to live or die, and did not choose any should be sent for to him; but a young man, an apothecary, coming of his own accord the next day, and desiring to do something for him, he said he found a freedom to confer with him

and the other Friends about him, and if any thing should be proposed as to medicine, that did not come through defiled channels or oppressive hands, he should be willing to consider and take it, so far as he found freedom."

That tenderness of conscience that would not permit him even to write out an instrument that would work evil to another; that scrupled to pay taxes when part of the money was to be applied to purposes of war; that would not receive pay for the board of soldiers; that would not consent to wear garments that by dye or other means bore testimony to worldliness or luxury; that would not permit him to sail in the cabin of a vessel if part of the passage-money was to pay for the carved work and other superfluities of the cabin; and that in his last sickness would neither permit him to send for a physician nor take medicines that did not come through pure hands; this tenderness of conscience was all based on the idea that nothing was too small to escape the Almighty's notice. Whatever tended, in the least degree, to cultivate worldliness, was to be shunned by him. And it is worthy of notice that all this was not proscribed to his hearers as a rule of life; it was not against the vices of others that he fought and prayed; nor was it till he had arrived at that judgment-bar he strove so painfully to be ready to meet, that his friends knew how consistent and thorough was all his conduct. Unlike most men, his practice went beyond his preaching.

On the second day, fourth of Tenth month, 1772, John Woolman fell asleep. His "Journal," wherein he recorded the struggles of his conscience and his earnest aspirations never to offend against God, has for the last century been the delight of every one who could appreciate the beauty of self-sacrifice. "Get them by heart," says Charles Lamb to his friends. A new edition of the "Journal" has been called for again and again. And many are now the readers who can exclaim with Bernard Barton:

"There is a glory to me in thy name,
Meek follower of Bethlehem's Child!
More touching by far than the splendors of fame,
With which the vain world is beguiled:
'Tis the glory of goodness, the praise of the just,
Which outlives even death, and is fragrant in dust."

WILLIAM R. HOOPER.

THE REGION OF SUBMARINE VOLCANOES.

ONE of the most interesting portions of the Atlantic Ocean is that part known to seamen as the region of Volcanic Vigias.

Between the meridians of 15° and 30° west of Greenwich, and extending about 10° north and south of the equator, lies this curious and hitherto comparatively unexplored region of ocean. When we say unexplored, we do not by any means seek to convey the idea that this region is unvisited, for, on the contrary, it is the great highway of the world's commerce, and thousands of thousands of ships have furrowed, with their keels, its almost unfathomable depths. But what we do mean is, that no extended or searching exploration in the interests of science has ever been made in this locality; though it is true that, in 1838, the United States Exploring Expedition, under Lieutenant Wilkes, gave some attention to the northeastern portion, for the purpose of ascertaining if indeed certain dreaded dangers, marked on the old charts, existed in fact, or in the minds only of those who had reported them.

This cursory exploration of their vicinity, for a few days, proved merely one of two things—that either the reported shoals and rocks had disappeared from the position assigned them, or else that they were myths of fancy, or of a disordered brain.

Now, it is held by scientific men, at the present time, that the authority for many of these reported dangers is perfectly undoubted; the concurring testimony of numerous highly-intelligent navigators as to their having been seen, and even soundings obtained, places the fact beyond question, and therefore a comparison of these statements will, it is thought, show that the volcanic agency which has seemed so active in this region, has, in all probability, caused the sudden elevation of rocks and shoals, which have subsequently subsided, and left no trace of their former existence.

Yet, out of the depths there is something left to show in part the curious character of this region, and to illustrate the wonders of the sea, and fill us with awe for that mighty Power which, unseen to the

eye of man, produces, at His will, the gigantic convulsions which, from time to time, fill us with amazement and dread.

Nearly four thousand miles from New York, and sweltering under the "cloud-ring" of the line, in about $0^{\circ} 55'$ north latitude and $29^{\circ} 23'$ west longitude from Greenwich, lie the singular islets of St. Paul—called by the old Portuguese navigators, O Peñedo de San Pedro, or the Rock of St. Peter. It is but a cluster of five or six rocky crags, showing above the sea to the height of seventy feet, without a particle of vegetation, and whitened with the deposit of sea-birds; but their existence here in actual mid-ocean proves beyond question that, at some former period, the fearful fires which smoulder at unfathomable depths below, upheaving in one of the deepest parts of the Atlantic, brought to the surface a startling proof of their existence. No bottom has ever been found anywhere within a mile of the groups, and the few deep soundings taken in 1851 by the Pandora, only a short distance from this locality, revealed no bottom with six thousand fathoms of line. The cluster is, therefore, nothing but a series of pinnacles of sharp rock, of that very hard species of quartz known as hornstone, and they scarcely extend a mile northeast and southwest, appearing, in fine weather, twelve or fifteen miles off, like a group of ships upon the distant horizon.

Their appearance, when close to, is dismal beyond measure, and woe to the unfortunate mariner who in a dark night should find himself cast upon this rocky shore. The sea roars and surges dismally upon all sides, and, except in very fine weather, with smooth water, there is no good landing anywhere. A great resort for fish are these islets, among which may be reckoned immense numbers of voracious sharks. The number of sea-birds that frequent them is incredible. Admiral Fitzroy, who visited the rocks in 1832, says, in his account, that the birds fairly darkened the air; and the sailors, who had landed with some difficulty in boats, knocked them down with sticks, and kicked them about without their seeming to notice it. While one party from the ship was scrambling over the rocks, the boats' crews below were engaged in fishing—the "garoupas" taking the hooks as fast as they were thrown in—but the sharks seized the fish the moment they were hooked, and it was only by beating the water furiously with their oars that the sailors succeeded in securing their catch at all, and hardly then, for, so voracious were these ugly monsters, that they swarmed around the boats in great numbers and churned the sea into foam with their tails.

The first account we have of any danger within the circle we are describing, is about the year 1730, when M. Rochelle reported the existence of the Cesar breakers in mid-ocean in about latitude 2° north, longitude $22^{\circ} 18'$ west of Greenwich. These breakers were, by the old navigators, confidently supposed to exist, until, the United States Exploring Expedition failing to find them, they were expunged from the charts.

On October 17, 1730, a French ship, Le Prince, on her passage to India, when in latitude $1^{\circ} 35'$ south, longitude 18° west, felt two distinct shocks, as if the vessel had struck upon a shoal, sounded at once, but got no bottom.

On February 5, 1754, the French ship La Silhouette, when in $0^{\circ} 20'$ south latitude, 21° west longitude, experienced shocks of a similar nature, and on April 13, 1758, Le Fidèle, in the same latitude, but three degrees farther to the eastward, experienced a severe shock of an earthquake which greatly alarmed every one on board. On May 3, 1761, about noon, the French ship Le Vaillant, Captain Bouvet, when in $0^{\circ} 23'$ south latitude and 19° west longitude, saw a small, sandy island. The Wilkes Expedition, in 1838, searched for this islet for two days, but found no trace of its existence. On October 3, 1771, the French frigate Le Pacifique, Captain Bonfils, when in latitude $0^{\circ} 42'$ south, longitude $22^{\circ} 47'$ west, on a voyage to San Domingo, felt, at 8 o'clock in the evening, an extraordinary shock, which caused the ship to tremble fore and aft. Thinking themselves upon a shoal, they went about at once in great fright, and sounded, but got no bottom. At this time the ocean was greatly agitated—the water bubbled and boiled, and the sea was whitened with foam. On May 19, 1806, Admiral Krusenstein saw a submarine volcano in latitude $2^{\circ} 43'$ south, longitude $20^{\circ} 44'$ west. It had the appearance of a cloud of smoke rising to a great height, then disappearing suddenly, then rising again, and finally disappearing altogether. In May, 1813, an East-India ship, the Warley, saw a shoal in latitude $5^{\circ} 5'$ north, longitude $21^{\circ} 26'$ west; and St. Evans, R. N., reports indications of a volcanic eruption, in about the same locality, in May, 1824. This

latter was a hissing and bubbling up of the waves, resembling the ebullition of boiling water, the sea, at the time, being whitened with foam.

On April 12, 1831, the English ship Aquila, of Scarborough, Captain Taylor, when in nearly the position of La Silhouette, the ship going five knots an hour, and the sea quite smooth, experienced a violent shock, as if the vessel had suddenly run upon a rocky ledge. At the same time a loud, rumbling noise was heard under the keel, and the rudder was so much agitated that the helmsman could hardly maintain his position. There was no discoloration of the sea, and not the smallest rippling. On examination, after reaching port, there was no sign of the vessel's having touched a rock.

In November, 1832, the French ship La Seine; in February, 1835, the bark Crown, of Liverpool; and in January, 1836, the Philanthrope, of Bordeaux, when in about the same locality, felt similar shocks.

The next series of reports commences with that of the English ship Ann Mary, of Liverpool, which, at about 5 A. M. on February 5, 1842, while en route to Bombay, being in about latitude $0^{\circ} 26'$ south, longitude 20° west, experienced a violent shock with loud rumbling sound. The first idea of those on board, as in all previously-reported cases of this kind, was that the ship had struck a shoal. The master of the ship says, in his account of the occurrence: "My first idea was that the vessel had struck on one of the Vigias hereabouts, the next that we had been struck by lightning, for the masts seemed about going by the board. I ran on deck and looked over the side; the vessel was going through the water, but shaking as if she would fall in pieces, and the man at the helm could hardly retain the wheel in his hands. . . . All hands, panic-stricken, rushed on deck." The earthquake lasted about one minute, and was succeeded, at intervals, up to noon, by three slighter shocks. In July, 1842, the English ship Sarah Bell, of Liverpool, when in nearly the same position, experienced a similar shock; but her master compares the noise attending it to the sound of a chain-cable running rapidly out the hawse-hole. It would seem as if these last-mentioned cases were but the commencement of a series of subterranean commotions ending with the great earthquake of 1842, which destroyed a portion of the island of Hayti.

The next reports are from the English ships Prince, of Scilly, December, 1853, and Maid of Judah, September, 1855, and are similar to the previous ones. In 1859 the Florence Nightingale, the Sea-Serpent, and the Russian sloop-of-war Passodnik, all experienced similar shocks in about the same locality; and the list is closed by the Russian ship Dallas, March 20, 1861; British ship Melbourne, of Dundee, March 20, 1861; and British bark Elinor, March 26, 1861, which reported having experienced shocks of the kind previously narrated within the same limits. In one of these cases the master was not so alarmed but that he ordered a cast of the lead. The sea was fairly boiling at the time. No bottom was obtained with one hundred and ten fathoms, but the lead came to the surface very warm. In the case of the Sea-Serpent there seems to have been some damage, for she went into Rio de Janeiro with part of her false keel and copper gone, though the Passodnik, which experienced a shock in the same place twenty-four hours before the Sea-Serpent, sustained no damage. But the following remarkable statement, which appeared in the newspapers of February, 1853, caps the climax: "On the 13th October the people on board of the ship Maries, on her voyage to Caldera, when in latitude $0^{\circ} 12'$ north, longitude 19° west, heard a rumbling noise issuing from the ocean, which gradually increased in sound, until the uproar became deafening; the sea rose in huge waves, the wind blew from all quarters, the control of the vessel was lost; she pitched frightfully, and all on board were panic-stricken, expecting to be at once engulfed. This continued for fifteen minutes, when the sea subsided, and it was noticed that several vessels in sight, before the convulsion commenced, had now disappeared."

Now, here, at various intervals, extending over a period of much more than a century, are numerous distinct averments, by persons of credibility, as to the existence and nature of these submarine convulsions. In point of fact, the list of reports could be extended to much greater length; but we have preferred to give (with the exception of the last quoted) only the most trustworthy and reliable ones. Who will explain these singular phenomena? And, with such facts presented to our minds, how impressive become the words of the royal Psalmist, that "they who go down to the sea in ships and occupy their business on the great waters, these men see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep."

TABLE-TALK.

THE editor of *Hearth and Home* deploras what he characterizes as the "Rot in Literature." The impurity in the literature of a hundred and fifty years ago, he tells us, was the rude, undisguised, unembellished impurity of the time; it had the elements of its own cure within it, for it was open and undisguised, and it went out of literature when it went out of conversation. But the present disease in our English literature "is a foul rot carefully hidden. It is a fatal decay, flushing the cheek as in health. It does not express itself in those honest old Saxon words which gave bad things ugly names. It is a sensuality so refined that one cannot just mark its limitations—coarseness buried in refinement, decked with the images of poetry, and walking most delicately." It seems to us that these charges are far too sweeping. Even if it be true that Swinburne is "scattering epithets that hide beneath their graceful exterior seeds of infection," and in Dante Rossetti "what should be the warm flush and ruddy glow of health is the hot fever of passion," neither these men nor their school in any adequate way represent English literature of the day. The tree is not decayed because there are a few rotten apples on its boughs. And there can be no better evidence that the impurity of the poets named is an exceptional and not a normal phase, than the very general censure which their productions have received. Tennyson, Browning, Buchanan, Arnold, Jean Ingelow, among the poets, and Wilkie Collins, Anthony Trollope, George Eliot, Miss Mulock, Mrs. Oliphant, Charles Kingsley, George MacDonald, among the novelists, are the authors who best represent the features of imaginative literature in England. It is not unsafe to say that at no time in history, in no literature extant, can purer motives or a higher tone be discovered than in these writers. In American literature, the writer of the essay we are discussing gives no better examples of what he charges than Walt Whitman, some letters in the *Tribune* by John Hay, and an occasional transgression by Mr. Bret Harte. To these charges we would severally answer: that Mr. Whitman's offences in this particular are mainly confined to his first poem, which nobody now reads; that, in our judgment, Mr. Bret Harte can truthfully plead "not guilty;" and, in regard to the third count, confess that the *Tribune* correspondence has escaped our notice. But even if these citations may be shown to support the charges, with what justice can they be advanced as proof of a "rot in our literature?" What author of conspicuous position exhibits a "fatal decay flushing the cheek as in health?" Is it Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, Mrs. Howe, Stoddard, Stedman, or Paul Hayne, among the poets? Is it Mrs. Stowe, Bayard Taylor, Marion Harland, Mrs. Holmes, De Forest, Esten Cooke, among the novelists? Does this "foul rot" hide itself in our current general literature? Does it appear in our leading periodicals? The editor of the *Hearth and Home* will find his contemporaries, we think, quite as scrupulous in this matter as he is himself. It is

quite true, there is a lewd pictorial literature that from many news-stands affronts the modesty and taste of the public; but this is not "the sensuality so refined that one cannot just mark its limitations;" it is a wickedness that ought to have the elements of its own cure within it, for it is "open and undisguised." But even our cheap, rude literature is very much freer from sensuality than is usually supposed. The fiction that appears in the most popular and largely circulated of the cheap story-papers is often offensive enough to good taste, but is scrupulously kept from all sins against modesty. The so-called *Dime Novels*, which reach in vast numbers the masses of the people, are carefully revised—so we are informed—and every word or hint of a sensual character excluded. These stories have altogether too much exciting adventure and too much killing in them, and hence have a tendency to foster rude animal passions; but they have no "rot" or "foul decay," hidden or otherwise. We do not believe there is any reason to despair of our literature on the ground of its sensuality, and we are confident that a pure public taste would not tolerate the spread of such a disease, even if authors of the Swinburne class should greatly multiply their attempts to disseminate literature of the kind described.

—The satirists of society have often and again derided the excesses of fashion, and have dilated upon their evil effects, physical as well as moral. Our modern social melodramas are full of affecting instances of these evil effects; our later novelists have found herein a field full of startling situations and shining moral lessons. It is certain that many of the practices resorted to by ladies of fashion, to either simulate a beauty which Nature has denied them, or perpetuate a beauty which they have possessed, and which they see to be fading away, whether of face or form, are followed not seldom by disease, occasionally by sudden death, and almost always by a serious injury to the health. The delicate skin is corroded and diseased by preparations which have the temporary effect of brightening or apparently softening it; and poisons, offered to the feminine public by impudent quacks, are sometimes found to produce terrible results on the system. The lesson against tight-lacing has been taught again and again by saddest warnings; and it is a sober fact, and not an "incident" of melodrama, that young girls as well as ladies of doubtful years, have died, and do die, in ballrooms, by sudden congestions caused by this habit, than which none could be more recklessly defiant of the laws of Nature. But the victims of fashion are twofold—its votaries and its handmaidens. It is not so widely known as it should be that disease and death are often the doom incurred by the poor creatures whose task it is to minister to the fantastical demands of the fashionable world. This is not only the fact with regard to the delicate young girls who quickly wear away their lives in close, ill-ventilated rooms, amid a perpetual heat and desperation of hurry over wedding flounces and opera-capes; the case is yet more serious with those whose lot has cast them into certain mysterious trades, wherein they manufacture gewgaws demanded

by the capricious goddess of "West-Ends" everywhere. A recent detailed report in a London paper has given a shocking account of one of these trades—that of making the imitation leaves which adorn the bonnets so temptingly displayed in the spacious windows of the milliners *à la mode*. These leaves are manufactured by the application, by certain chemical processes, of deadly poison—of poison so deadly that the poor children who use it are often made blind, and almost as often die of its contact. The art itself is a slow death; and high bribes are given to those who can be persuaded to undergo it. The cruelty of parents who can force their children to learn such a trade, is unutterable; and yet parents are found who do this. And this is only one of many trades which involve mortality in the mysteries of their art, and which are forced upon the desperately poor by the luxuriously and frivolously rich. Perhaps it would be utopian to hope for any amelioration of such an evil by enactments of law or the operations of benevolent societies; but it is a good field for the missionary labor of enthusiasts, whether they devote themselves to the circles of fashion or to the workshops, where rank poisons saturate their victims, and speedily eat away their lives.

—The two Russian Constantines, of the last and the present generations, have each in his time claimed greater attention in their own country and in Europe than their brothers the reigning czars. The elder Constantine, second son of the Emperor Paul, and brother of Alexander I. and Nicholas, was notable in his day for very marked traits of character, and for an ability quite superior to any of his family; he added to these qualities others which made him detested as a tyrant, both in Russia itself and in Poland, where he was for some time governor, and where his cruelties are still shudderingly remembered. Constantine had done so much to render himself odious to every class in the nation that when his brother Alexander died he found himself compelled to abdicate in favor of Nicholas, and to retire from political life altogether. The present Constantine, Nicholas's second son, and so nephew of his namesake, is a prince not less conspicuous for remarkable ability than his uncle was; and, while he perpetuates some of those stern and rugged traits which the other possessed, he is at least too wise to permit them to spoil his career as a soldier and a statesman. The Grand-duke Constantine is emphatically a man of action and of the world, presenting thus a singular contrast to the soft, gentle, timid, and melancholy nature of the Czar Alexander II., his brother. Nurtured in the rough life of the marine, the favorite son of the stalwart and vigorous Nicholas, a person of inflexible will and indomitable energy, his life has been one of constant activity, full of adventure and events, passed rather in restless wanderings by sea and land and in martial exercises than in the luxurious sloth of palaces. There are health and strength in every expression of his bronzed face and every movement of his lusty, broad-shouldered body. He is an out-of-door prince, fond of the sports and pastimes of the field, and not averse to the din as well as the pageantry

of war. But hitherto his fame has rested rather upon his statesmanship than upon warlike achievements. He has long been the chief of that "Old Russia" party—the Muscovite Tories—which aims, as its first and greatest object, at the conquest of Turkey, and the reestablishment of the Greek Church at Constantinople, its ancient capital. Constantine has always contended that all internal reforms, such as education, serf-emancipation, freedom of the press, etc., should be postponed until the dream of Peter the Great was accomplished, thus following in the path marked out by his father Nicholas, from which Alexander II., with his peaceful inclinations, has repeatedly endeavored, but in vain, to depart. Constantine has always had the nobles, and whatever may exist of what we call "public opinion" in Russia, with him. He is anti-German to the core; while Alexander, with his German mother, German education, German wife, and German friendships, has clung tenaciously to the alliance with Prussia. It would not be surprising, on Alexander's death, to see Constantine elevated to the throne by a combined aristocratic and popular movement; and then Europe would have to look out for "squalls."

— A correspondent of one of our daily papers calls attention to the rough, unsightly side or rear walls that mark even the most pretentious architecture in our city, and urges that a little paint would, in part at least, cover up the ugliness. Paint is better than the rough, rude brick, but it is a very poor substitute for the finished walls that ought to be found on all sides of a building having any pretence to architectural character. Costly and elaborated fronts, flanked by dead-walls of cheap brick, only excite the contempt of all people of taste. In shops and warehouses the practice may have some sort of excuse, because, in these cases, architecture is only employed as a sign, and the whole spirit of the structure is essentially temporary and for an advertisement. But, in buildings of a higher character, the practice of having a costly and finished side for the main thoroughfare, and cheap, bald piles of brick for every other point of observation, seems to us inexcusable, and one that renders every structure in which it is practised an object of contempt. And yet examples may be found in the most pretentious buildings in the city. The really noble granite building at the corner of Cedar Street and Broadway, which lifts so finely above the surrounding structures, at any point on the North River confronts the spectator with dignity and grace, but, from the East-River point of view, resembles the meaningless blank-wall of a factory. Why this distinction is made is supremely puzzling, inasmuch as probably more people see the building from the latter point than from the former. At the corner of Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue, a large, costly, and, with the exception we are about to mention, a splendid granite building is in process of erection for the use of the Masonic Order. Two sides of the structure are going up in costly granite, and two other sides already rise above the low buildings which adjoin it in dead-walls of cheap brick. The principal approach to the building will be down Twen-

ty-third Street from Broadway, and yet in this approach the visitor will be confronted by a blank-wall of brick; and, in order to see the elaborate design of the architect, he will have to take up a particular position and shut his eyes the moment he moves from it. This sort of thing is as irrational as if a man should have all the fore-part of his coat of fine broadcloth and the back of any second-hand rags he might pick up. The two instances we have quoted are examples of what one may see everywhere in this city. We cannot have our architecture worthy of thought or respect until this thing is reformed altogether. We have previously referred to this matter, but it is an offence against good taste that should be persistently criticised until reformed.

Literary Notes.

"DARK BLUE," the new English magazine, has, in a recent number, "A Study of Walt Whitman," by Mr. Roden Noel, who says: "We did want some infusion of robust and healthier blood among the pallid civilized brotherhood of our poets. If admirers arise who strive to imitate Whitman's gait and form, they will probably make themselves ridiculous, puff themselves out, and collapse; yet will he certainly give our jaded literature the prick and fling that it needed. He, at any rate, is no closet-warbler, trilling delicately after the music of other singers, having merely a few thin thoughts and emotions only a quarter his own, and a clever aptitude for catching the tricks of another man's manner. He bears, however, a marvellous resemblance (I often think) to Oriental prophets. He is in manner of life, as well as in manner of thought, feeling, temperament, marvellously like a reincarnation over there in the West of that special principle of personality which has been so much more frequently manifested in the East—in Derwishes, for instance, and Sufis. He has so thoroughly assimilated Bible poetry on account of his profound personal identity with the writers of it. Yet is he very un-Hebrew after all. He is more Egyptian, Persian, Indian. Pantheist is he to the backbone; a Nature worshipper, seeing God everywhere—God in all, even the meanest thing; bowing before good and evil as integral and correlative elements in the universal scheme of things, all going (as Hegel demonstrates) by the principle of identity in contraries. He is a desperate and shameless assertor of the sacredness of the flesh, the body, beauty of form and color, and the fleshy instincts. This he is (let us freely admit and regret) wantonly, inartistically coarse in asserting; unutterably shocking, of course, to those who are unutterably shocked with Nature for making us of flesh at all, and who hold that the only way to remedy her immodest mistake is to hush the fact up altogether."

In a review of Miss Yonge's "Cameos of English History," the *London Spectator* remarks: "We confess to grudging Miss Yonge to the writing of history, and none the less that her history is so well and picturesquely written. What we want from her is another sort of chronicle; that of the domestic life of the upper middle-class in England in the latter half of the nineteenth century; for, considered in its nobler and more religious aspects, no one describes it for us so truly. That her range is a very limited one she would be the first to acknowledge. The limitation is due, we sus-

pect, to a deliberate intention. She is too true an artist to care to plunge into subjects which she has had no adequate opportunity of realizing to herself; and a certain severity of moral taste, which is as much a part of some natures as an objection to music, makes her shrink from dealing with that which is not innocent. It is to the honor of our English homes that they have afforded honest matter to so genuine an artist. We think a great deal of the 'Paston Letters,' which are, if we rightly recollect, an earliest record of a purely domestic nature (of the reign of Edward IV.). What would we not give for a novelette from a Miss Yonge of the fifteenth century, telling us really how the well-born dames of that day dwelt in their moated manors! Be it noted that they were neither stupid nor illiterate, being the contemporaries of Margaret Beaufort. Had we their story truly told, how much else could we not infer of the state of men and manners! If Cuvier from a fossil bone could reconstruct the entire beast, the philosophic historian from one truly-tinted zone might be helped to recreate the various colors of national life at a given epoch. In the interest of future generations, and in order that they may not think that forging widows, golden-haired baronets, wives who have committed bigamy, dairy-maids who escape the gallows by a hair's-breadth, and gentlemen who shut up mad spouses in their attics, made the staple of English society in 1850 (we allude, as will be seen, to four of our greatest works of fiction by four famous hands), let us entreat Miss Yonge to give us as many varied pictures as possible of that peculiarly gracious English family life which is quite as true in its own way as any thing else in our time and country; which is the genuine outcome of certain religious forces proper to England; of which the home at Hurstley was the great type and example, and its sainted master, John Keble, both a cause and a result."

Mr. Planche's entertaining "Recollections," of which we have previously given our readers an example, have been brought to a close in *London Society*. The last paper contains the following: "Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews had accepted the offer of an engagement from Mr. Macready for the following season at Drury Lane, and I wrote for them the two-act comedy, 'The Follies of a Night,' in which they appeared October 5, 1842. Some disagreement arising between them and Mr. Macready, they left Drury Lane abruptly, and transferred their services to Mr. Benjamin Webster, at the Haymarket; and there I had the gratification of restoring another fine old comedy to the modern stage—Congreve's 'Way of the World.' I shall never forget the astonishment of Macready at the announcement.

"My G—d!—why, they're going to do the 'Way of the World!'"

"Yes; I have arranged it for them."

"You!—why, what, in Heaven's name, have you done with Mrs. Malfort?"

"Made a man of her."

"And such was the fact. By simply changing 'Mrs.' into 'Mr.' I converted a most objectionable woman—the character which had been a stumbling-block to the revival of the play—into a treacherous male friend, without omitting or altering an important line in the part; as the phrases, which would not have been tolerated in these days from the lips of a female, became perfectly inoffensive when uttered by an unprincipled man of the world, and the plot was in no wise interfered with by the transformation. The comedy, strongly cast, went off brilliantly, and formed another sample of the wealth of that rich mine of dramatic ore which has only to be properly worked by man-

agers, to improve their fortunes as well as the taste of the public."

An article which recently appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, on the "Prussian Race," has been published in Paris in pamphlet form. This article excited much attention when it first appeared, the argument of which may be briefly stated as follows: "The populations of the really Prussian provinces of Germany—that is to say, the two Prussias properly so called, Brandenburg and Pomerania—are essentially of Finno-Slavonic origin. The German element, more or less mixed with others, is to be found only in the higher classes and the *bourgeoisie* of certain towns. The case is totally different in the western and southern provinces of Germany; there the Aryan element prevails, and the Slavonic races never obtained a permanent footing. In vain does the identity of language throw a veil over these glaring discrepancies; they exist, and cannot be obliterated. M. de Quatrefages goes on to argue that the Germans have committed a great mistake, even from the simply utilitarian point of view, in indorsing the antipathies and passions of the Finno-Slavonians, and he points out the dangers which, in his opinion, their temporary triumph cannot fail to create on the side of Russia."

The London *Athenaeum* speaks of Miss Braddon's new novel, "The Lovels of Arden," as follows: "Miss Braddon, in this her twentieth novel, has done better than those would expect who only know her earlier performances. Indeed, she gives some promise of success in an entirely new field. 'The Lovels of Arden' is a simple and sufficiently pretty story of English country-life. Nobody in it murders any one else; nobody commits bigamy, or forgery, or locks up an inconvenient wife or daughter in a ruined out-house; nor is any one of the Lovels so like another Lovel that only Miss Braddon herself knows which is which." But then the London *Examiner* says: "If there were any thing more than the stringing together of unnatural and inartistic plots, and the heaping of coarse drapery upon a number of stage-puppets, in Miss Braddon's novels, it might be expected that, in the twenty or more that she has written, her literary resources would be somewhat exhausted. As it is, she is as fresh as ever." The *Examiner* concludes by saying: "It has not been our misfortune to read all Miss Braddon's novels; but, of all that we have read, 'The Lovels of Arden' is the nastiest."

We shall have this season several collections of poems which, it may be hoped, will find favor with the public. Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr, of Vermont, and Mr. Paul H. Hayne, of Georgia, will each appear with a volume, through the press of Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia; and Mr. Henry Abbey will issue, with the imprint of D. Appleton & Co., a collection of his verses, under the title of "Ballads of Good Deeds, and other Poems." As Mrs. Dorr, Mr. Hayne, and Mr. Abbey, have frequently appeared in the pages of the *JOURNAL*, our readers are well acquainted with their respective merits, and will be doubtless pleased to learn that their effusions are to be collected and take their permanent place in literature. Among other poetical announcements, we note that of "Dream-life, and other Poems," by Stockton Bates, coming from the house of Claxton, Remsen & Co., of Philadelphia.

M. Louis Figuier has published, in Paris, a work entitled "After Death," in which he applies himself to the task of demonstrating scientifically the truth of spiritualist doctrines.

As a starting-point, he adopts the theory of the Montpellier medical school on the constitution of man. All the planets, he says, have the same habitable conditions as the earth, and, therefore, they are all inhabited; after death we are transformed into superhuman beings, and we pass through a series of existences each more perfect than the preceding one, and constituting a kind of hierarchy which at last qualifies us for communion with God. The sun, continues M. Figuier, is to be the final abode of all the blessed, and the rays of the sun are merely the emanations of disembodied spirits which have already reached to a state of perfection. It is due to the author of these queer theories to add that M. Figuier founds upon them rules for conduct in everyday life which are of the most unexceptionable character.

Mrs. Stowe, in a measure, compensates for the inactivity of our American authors. Within a few months she has given two novels to the public, each of which possesses a special interest in dealing with topics that are now of wide general discussion. "Pink and White Tyranny," if too distinctly written with a purpose, yet illustrates skillfully the infelicities that may arise from an ill-assorted marriage. "My Wife and I," which is now just fresh from the press, embodies Mrs. Stowe's matured convictions on the topics of marriage, divorce, suffrage, legislation, and woman's rights, and those convictions are expressed with an effect and clearness quite likely to win many adherents to them.

Miscellany.

France and Prussia.

M. BENEDETTI, the French ambassador to Prussia before the late war, has published a volume in which he effectually clears himself of the imputations cast upon him of having neglected his duty, and gives an interesting and undoubtedly accurate account of the origin of that disastrous conflict. He shows by his dispatches that he repeatedly warned his government of the strength of Prussia, and of the certainty that the South-German states would side with her in case of a war with France, and would fight under Prussian leadership. He confirms the opinion, already generally accepted, that the emperor knew the risk he was running, but determined to run it, partly because he was weary of being always foiled by Prince Bismarck, and partly because he thought the best chance of saving his dynasty was to fall in with the mad current of popular opinion. He proves to demonstration that France was bent on war, and would hear of nothing that might lead to peace. The King of Prussia seemed to him to be dealing in a rational and honorable way. He had given his consent as head of the Hohenzollerns to the candidature of Prince Leopold; but, as France objected, he at once offered to consult Prince Leopold or his father on the subject. M. Benedetti evidently saw no harm in this, and expressly stated that Prussia was, so far as he could ascertain, making no preparations whatever for war. The answer of the French minister was, that not a day must pass by without a decisive answer on the part of Prussia, lest France should be anticipated in her military preparations. He asserts that Prussia is arming, although M. Benedetti had assured him that this was not so; and he explains that public opinion was advancing so fast in the direction of a war that the government was obliged

to keep ahead of it. This is, no doubt, the true account of the origin of the war. The Duke de Gramont, by his most imprudent and violent language in the Chamber when the Hohenzollern candidature was first announced, had inflamed public opinion; and then public opinion in Paris had gone so fast that the government was obliged to run every risk in order to seem to lead it. Nothing can be clearer than this. The French Government avowed to M. Benedetti that it could not give the King of Prussia a moment's delay, because its own existence was threatened in France if it waited. After the King of Prussia had heard of the preparations made in France, he too began to think of war. But, if any thing can be certain in history, it is certain that, if the French Government had not been itself so hard pressed, and had given the King of Prussia the necessary time to withdraw the candidature of Prince Leopold, there would not have been the shadow of a cause for war. At first, when the renunciation of Prince Leopold was made, however, the French Government, in obedience to the foolish clamor of Paris, would not accept this as sufficient, unless the King of Prussia, in his capacity of king, and not merely as head of the Hohenzollerns, made himself a party to this renunciation. But this was speedily changed into a demand that the king should engage that, if at a future time Prince Leopold changed his mind again, the king would not sanction his candidature. The king heard of this change from Paris before the time when he had agreed to see M. Benedetti personally, and, finding the whole position so completely altered, he declined to see M. Benedetti, and sent a message by an aide-de-camp. M. Benedetti does not seem to have been at all surprised at this when he knew that the king had been previously apprised of the exorbitant demands of the French Government. M. Benedetti does not appear to have been at all to blame. He only acted on his instructions, and did what he could to bring about a peaceful solution. But the French Government had lost all control over Paris, and, in order to avoid the reproach of fearing war, rushed without an excuse on the path that led, by a well-merited retribution, to Gravelotte and Sedan.

Winter Evening at Home.

The winter evening is, in the truest and closest sense, the Evening at Home. What one most misses in it, perhaps, is a little sensible organization. Nobody seems to realize how very hard it is for a number of people to amuse themselves and one another for dozens of nights in succession. There are a few traditions, like those of reading or music, that bring order into the chaos; but the books are chosen hap-hazard, and the music is left to chance. The family group which began so merrily over the fire breaks up by a series of quiet secessions. Mamma resumes silence and her knitting-needles, Mary wanders off to her music-stool, the schoolboy flings himself on the sofa with a novel, papa is asleep in the easy-chair. Everybody yawns with a certain weary relief when the prayer-bell rings, and yet nobody could exactly say why the evening had been so wearisome. The truth is, that the bulk of people think that entertainment comes of itself, and that the least organization is the death of any real amusement. The evening is left to arrange itself, and it arranges itself in the way we have described. The boy who loafs about a playground soon finds how wearisome merely casual amusement is, and betakes himself to the organized "game;" and the woman who once set to organizing her evenings at home would soon find that the prayer-bell came too

early rather than too late. Variety is the first thing needful for amusement, and a little unwritten programme which arranged conversation, music, reading, and the round game, in their due sequence, would be simply introducing into the family party the same principle which is proved by experience to be essential to the success of any public entertainment. Much, again, may be done with each of these elements of social enjoyment in themselves. Music, for instance, as it is at present employed in evenings at home, is one of the most irritating and annoying things in the world. It is a mere chance which piece is played, or who the composer is, or what the style of music may be. Imagine a little thought given to the character and succession of the pieces played, the devotion of five minutes to the arrangement of a dexterous alternation of vocal with instrumental music, or the placing of the more scientific pieces at the beginning of the little home concert and a lively glee at the close. These are, of course, mere hints, but they are hints which turn wholly on the one point, that amusement and a real evening at home can only be got at the cost of a little forethought and a little trouble. Or take the case of reading aloud. Our grandmothers used to gather round the fire and listen patiently to pages of a "classic author." Nowadays we take the last new novel from the table, plunge into the middle, and make the best of it. There are advantages in either course, but a little tact would combine them both. An essay of De Quincey would be an agreeable relief after Mr. Lecky; it would be amusing to contrast the light perisiflage of "Lo-chair" with the lighter perisiflage of "The Rape of the Lock." We once knew a family where Shakespeare was read in character, as it were, and each member of the circle round the home table took a separate personage in the play.

The Christian Revival in Syria.

During the last three years a very singular movement toward Christianity has been going on among the Moslems of Syria. According to a writer in the *Tablet*, the movement commenced at the close of 1868 with certain of the Shadili-Safis or Mystics—esoterics from El Islam, settled in the vicinity of Damascus. In the Maydan suburb of that city resided one Abd-el-Karim Matar, a leader of the sect in question, who was wont to assemble his disciples around him to the number of sixty or seventy, and to "spend days and nights in praying for enlightenment before the Throne of Grace." The striking result of these persistent supplications is thus described by the writer in the *Tablet*, to whom we refer:

"Presently, after persevering in this new path, some of them began to be agitated by doubts and disbelief; the religion did not satisfy them—they anxiously sought for a better. They became uncertain, disquieted, undetermined, yet unable, for fear of being betrayed, to declare even one to another the thought which tormented them. Two years had been spent in this anxious, unhappy state, each thinking himself the only one thus subject to the tortures of conscience. At length they were assured by a vision that it was the religion of Christ which they were seeking. Yet such was their dread of treachery that none could trust his secret with his neighbor till they had sounded one another, and had found that the same idea was uppermost in every mind. One night about forty of them, headed by Abd-el-Karim Matar, met for their usual prayers, and, after prolonged devotional acts, all fell asleep, and our Lord was pleased to appear to each one separately. They awoke simultaneously, frightened and agitated, and one, taking courage, recounted his vision to the others, when each responded, 'I also saw Him!' Christ had so consoled, comforted, and exhorted them to follow His faith, and

they were so filled with a joy they had never known, that they were hardly dissuaded from running about the streets to proclaim that Christ is God, but they were admonished that they would only be slaughtered, and rob the city of all hope of entering the same fold. They wanted a guide, director, and friend, who would assist their tottering steps in the new way which they were now treading, and they heartily prayed that God would be pleased mercifully to provide them with the object of their desire. One night, after a meeting for acts of devotion, as before mentioned, sleep overcame them, and they saw themselves in a Christian church, where an old man with a long white beard, dressed in a coarse brown serge garment, and holding a lighted taper, glided before them, and, smiling benignantly, never ceased to cry, 'Let those who want the truth follow me.' On awaking, each told his dream to the other, and they agreed to occupy themselves in seeking the person who had appeared to them. They searched in vain through the city and its environs for a period of three months, during which they continued to pray. One day it so happened that one of the new converts, H—K—, now at J—, entered by chance the monastery of the RE. Fathers of the Terra Santa, near Bab Tuma, the north-eastern gate of Damascus. What was his astonishment to see in the superior, Fra Emanuel Forner, the personage who had appeared to him in his dream!"

They all desired to be baptized and instructed in the doctrines of Christianity. After some precautionary delay, Fra Emanuel Forner complied with their request. The forty were received into the Church, and in a short time after had increased to two hundred and fifty converts, who held regular prayer-meetings in each other's houses, which in due time did not fail to attract the attention of their Moslem neighbors. The ulemas of Damascus were thrown into a state of the utmost consternation, and at last a meeting was held in the town-house of the Algerine emir, Abd-el-Kader, at which a resolution was passed pronouncing sentence of death against the converts. Fourteen of them were cast into prison by order of Rashid Pacha, where they remained for three months, when, at the solicitation of the Russian consul, M. Maccuf, they were temporarily released. Twelve of them were subsequently rearrested and transported to the dungeons of Hanak Kalesi, the Dardanelles fortress, their wives and children being left in a starving condition at Damascus. Finally, they were landed on the coast of Barbary, and banished to the distant interior settlement of Moorook. But these severities have by no means, as it appears from the statements of the *Tablet*, suppressed the movement they were designed to crush. It is affirmed that there are now five thousand neophytes in Damascus alone.

Paris.

There can be no doubt that Paris is in a very distressed and uncomfortable state. The ruin caused by the civil war can only be appreciated by those who have seen the awful destruction caused by the Commune and its victors. The German siege did, perhaps, less harm than could have been supposed. Outside the *enceinte* there was, indeed, a vast destruction of property. The villages on the Marne, where fierce contests took place, are full of shattered houses, and nowhere is there so terrible and complete a scene of ruin as at St.-Cloud. But, except that on the western side of the *enceinte* there was a wholesale clearing of houses and trees for military purposes, and that the houses in the immediate neighborhood of the Point-du-Jour and in the line of the southwestern forts have been rudely handled by German shells, the city was scarcely hurt by the foreign enemy; and, although, no doubt, many women and children and invalids died, or were seriously weakened by the

privations of the siege, the able-bodied population certainly did not suffer from this cause, and many persons candidly avow that their health was even improved by what they went through. But the traces of the destruction caused by the Communal war are astonishing, both from their magnitude and the space over which they extend. It so happens that the parts of Paris most favored by visitors who go there for pleasure are not seriously injured. During the rigor of last winter, the Parisians had the fortitude not to cut down for firewood the trees most necessary to preserve the beauty of the city; and the line of attack and defence, when the Versailles troops entered Paris, did not pass along the principal boulevards. Not a single hotel, *café*, or restaurant, known to wealthy visitors, has been touched. Those who go to Paris for pleasure can therefore still enjoy themselves. There is as much good cooking and good wine in Paris as there ever was. The efforts, too, of the authorities to restore order and decency in the streets and public places have been unremitting, and the rapidity and efficiency with which the traces of the barricades, the obstructions in the streets, and the rubbish, have been removed are most creditable to those who have had the management of Paris since the beginning of June. But the visitor who will take the trouble to go over Paris will be appalled at the extent of misery and ruin that has been caused. From Neuilly to the Arc de Triomphe, from the Point-du-Jour to the station at Auteuil, in the Faubourg St.-Germain, at both the extreme ends of the Rue de Rivoli, and from the Bastille to Belleville, ruin and destruction stare the traveller in the face. Great energy has undoubtedly been shown in rebuilding and repairing here and there. In the Rue de Turbigo, for example, where there was some of the hottest fighting, scarcely any traces of the contest can now be seen. But, on the whole, the destruction of private houses, apart from that of the public buildings fired by the Communists, has been of such a character that nothing has been as yet done, or could have been done, to make the damage good.

A New Method of Domestic Discipline.

An English collier, named Bradley, residing in the neighborhood of Bolton, has, according to the Lancashire papers, introduced a pleasing novelty into the method of wife-torturing, which has hitherto been adopted. The usual practice, which never fails to excite the sympathy of magistrates and juries, is for the injured husband to fell the wife to the ground with any convenient weapon, and then to kick her or jump on her with hobnailed boots until her ribs are smashed; the time generally chosen for this amusement being when the woman is about to give birth to a child, or immediately after her confinement, and the husband is, of course, in an irritated condition. This plan has answered admirably, for the wife generally lingers a few months before she dies, and the husband, if she appears against him, is, at most, only sentenced to a short period of imprisonment for the offence, which he rather enjoys than otherwise, as he obtains thereby a brief repose from family troubles. Mr. Bradley, however, has effected an improvement in this programme, which will, doubtless, find considerable favor in domestic circles, more especially as it involves no greater punishment than that to which the old-fashioned rib-smasher is liable, if the magistrate thinks it worth while, for the sake of a woman, to put the law into operation. Bradley, having a grudge against his wife, locked the doors of his house so that she could not escape, and

then deliberately incited a large bull-dog to worry her. The details of her frantic struggle with the brute, which were given in evidence before the magistrates, are, it is stated, unspeakably horrible. Mrs. Bradley was savagely bitten in many places; and, at last, torn and bleeding, she escaped from the house; and, in the opinion of a surgeon who attended her, several weeks must elapse before she can be pronounced completely out of danger. Probably she will hardly have recovered in time to greet Mr. Bradley on his again taking his place before the domestic hearth, for he was sentenced to only six months' imprisonment.

Chinese Music.

In the famous temple of Do-lanor the instruments were of the most extraordinary kind; they had buffalo-horns, bugles, and drums of all sizes—some so large that a man might live in them—cymbals, bells, flutes, whistles, and I know not what else. But the crowning wonder was two trumpets, each of which was about twelve feet long, with a mouth two feet in diameter; they were mounted on small-wheeled carriages, like guns, and the players reclined upon the ground when blowing. There were two chief priests standing at the main door, who alternately took the position of leader, and, by the waving of their hands and gestures of their bodies, led the ceremonies. They were dressed in beautiful yellow robes, with a gorgeous head-dress of the same shape as the old Greek helmet. While we stood at the door, coolies, with large pails of weak tea, gradually assembled; when, at a signal, the performance ceased, the coolies entered with their pails, each to his appointed row, and the priests, taking a small cup from their bosoms, drank their allowance. Thus refreshed, they recommenced, and at the close they all rose and marched in solemn procession before the chief idol, bowed themselves, and then retired. The instruments at the door were praying-machines; the worshippers, as they entered, turned them round, and thus performed their devotions. Prayers are pasted both on the inside and outside of the barrels, which being turned round, the prayers are presented, as they suppose, to their god; and the oftener they turn their praying machines, the more devout they esteem themselves.—*Williamson's "Journeys in North China."*

On the West Coast of Ireland.

The sea-serpent has actually appeared at the watering-place at Kilkeo, to the dismay of the visitors, who had not reckoned on this pleasing addition to their little society. A party of several ladies and gentlemen, one of whom, fortunately for the serpent, is a "well-known clergyman in the north of Ireland," observed an enormous head, shaped somewhat like that of a horse, emerge from the water. Behind the head, and on the neck, was a kind of ohignon; or, as the *Limerick Chronicle* describes it, "a huge mane of seaweed-looking hair, which rose and fell with the motion of the water." It may well be imagined that, when the head fixed its glassy eyes on the group, it excited, for the moment, feelings the reverse of comfortable. "One lady nearly fainted at the sight, and all had their nerves considerably upset by the dreadful appearance of this extraordinary creature." The "well-known clergyman in the north of Ireland," however, preserved his presence of mind, and was equal to the occasion; for he minutely inspected the interesting stranger, steadfastly returning its gaze, until, to the relief of all present, in a few minutes the gigantic head ducked and disappeared beneath the surface of the water.

A Viennese chemist has succeeded in making even the flimsy material of ballet-dancers' dresses fire-proof, and his highness the Prince of Lichtenstein, taking a lively interest in all that concerns the ballet, has given the new invention a first trial on the stage in his own palace. A numerous company was invited to witness the experiment. The rise of the curtain discovered two dolls dressed as ballet-girls, to both of whom a light was applied. While one flared up in a second and was rapidly reduced to ashes, the other, impregnated with the talismanic composition, escaped with a small hole burnt in her dress. The experiment was thus considered satisfactory; but the prince, benevolently designing to turn the discovery to a wider use, is having a wooden theatre erected at his cost outside Vienna, for the sole purpose of testing once more the fire-proof composition with which the boards are to be saturated. Fire will then be set to it in various places, and, if it resists the flames, as is expected, the success will be accepted as final. In that event, the discoverer has an order already from M. Laube to make the scenery and theatrical wardrobe of the Vienna City Theatre unflammable. He expects a rich harvest from other theatres likewise, and, with this prospect, wisely declines to communicate his secret to the public at large.

Led so to do by the Chicago fire, Mr. G. H. Knight writes to a Philadelphia newspaper a letter about home-architecture, and proposes the following improvements: 1. An arched subway for every street, for drainage, gas, and water, which will save the upper pavement from disturbance. 2. Edifices built upon the principle of association, and having common means of warming, ventilation, and for the prevention of fire, and other nuisances. 3. There are to be no single chimneys, but stacks, simulating towers, campaniles, pagodas, etc. 4. Lath-and-plaster finish of the interior is to be abandoned, for, by this, a man builds one house for himself, and two for the rats. 5. Shingle roofs to be entirely given up. These are but hints. Building will continue to be the opprobrium of our civilization, until we hit upon some plan by which we may have houses entirely fire-proof. It is well enough to please the eye and the taste in our erections, and general comfort and convenience are certainly to be desired; but we had vastly better submit to a little tolerable trouble, than to be roasted alive, or to live in constant danger of finding ourselves without house or home at all.

Foreign Items.

DR. WILLIAM JORDAN, the German poet, who is now in New York, was an extreme democrat in 1848; but afterward was appointed under-secretary in the German Navy Department. He was then bitterly denounced by his former party-friends; and Moritz Hartmann, one of the eminent German poets, and, in 1848, a member of the Frankfort Parliament, made Dr. William Jordan one of the personages in his "Chronicles of the Monk Mauritius."

Niemann, the eminent German singer, and Hedwig Raabe, the excellent actress, were secretly married in St. Petersburg, last spring, in the presence of the Russian hereditary grand-duke. They are now at Baden-Baden, and both have been sued by disappointed managers for breach of contract. The lady contracted with Mr. Grau, the American manager, for a four-months' engagement in the United States. Mr. Grau wants fifty thousand dollars damages from her.

A fearful scene was enacted recently at Jauer, in Silesia. A young girl, who had murdered her child, was to be beheaded. When she was led out, she fought desperately with the executioner, who was not able to kill her until he had stunned her by a blow on the head with the handle of his axe.

Count von Beust, the Chancellor of the Austrian empire, sees the emperor but twice a week. So great is the confidence which Francis Joseph reposes in his Minister of Foreign Affairs that he signs whatever papers Count von Beust submits to him.

Victor Hugo's new work, a poem, entitled "The Terrible Year," contains three pages in denunciation of George Bancroft, the ambassador of the United States at Berlin. The first of these denunciatory poems is entitled "The Fallen Minister."

Rocheport is so destitute of money that he has to live on the common prison fare. His friends have all deserted him, and he says that, after he has been transported to the frontier of France, he will have to solicit an appointment as reporter on a Belgian newspaper.

The book-market in Germany is glutted with works on the French War. Few publications of any real value have appeared. The retail dealers complain of the unprecedented dullness of business.

The Emperor William of Germany is inconsolable because his theatrical manager is unable to bring first-class French actors to Berlin. His majesty's favorite amusement is the French theatre.

Xavier Marmier, the French journalist and traveller, answers the question of "Who is the most handsome princess in Europe?" by saying that the Empress Elizabeth of Austria certainly is.

A woman at Breslau has been sentenced to four years' imprisonment, for sending three young ladies to the United States, under the false pretext of securing positions as governesses in good families for them.

Alexandre Mame, the junior partner of the great French publishing house of Mame & Co., was elected to the National Assembly over Eugene Rouher, the ex-minister of Napoleon III.

Among the American journals whose sale has recently been prohibited in Germany, are the *New York Police Gazette*, the *Varities*, the *Day's Doings*, and the *Wild Oats*.

The leader of the Legitimists, in the French National Assembly, is one M. de Belcastel, who was formerly a clerk in a Marseilles dry-goods store.

The official organ of the Austrian Government announces that the Emperor Francis Joseph will henceforth go to confession every twelfth day.

Spielhagen, the German romancist, will come to the United States next spring, and lecture on Shakespeare.

The ablest engineer in the Russian army is a son of Count Orloff. He is only twenty-six years old, and is already a colonel.

The Crown-Princess of Prussia has resigned her position as president of the Berlin Midnight Missions.

Berlin has, at present, nine hundred thousand inhabitants, four thousand lager-beer saloons, and seventeen daily newspapers.

The profits of the gaming-tables at Monaco, for this year, up to the 1st of September, were nine hundred thousand francs.

The penitentiaries in France contain, at present, nine thousand male and three thousand female convicts.

Gounod's last work is an oratorio entitled "Gallia." The Paris Conservatory paid him fifty thousand francs for it.

The pope said, lately, to a French prelate, that he never paid his tailor more than fifty dollars a year.

Three liberal Vienna papers have been purchased by the Austrian Cabinet, and will hereafter advocate conservative doctrines.

There were only three Frenchmen at Baden-Baden during the last season.

There are now seventy-one vegetarian societies in Austria.

Varieties.

ACTIONS on the case may be brought for almost every conceivable damage; but Vermont has furnished us with a novelty in this way of litigation. In the suit of Saylor vs. Page, the plaintiff charged that the defendant had given his family the small-pox. We should have liked a verdict on this novel declaration, or, what is better, a ruling of the court upon the sufficiency of the allegation; but the suit has been abated by the death of the defendant. It seems hard enough to have this eruptive trouble without being sued for giving it to somebody else.

It is reported that there is a movement in Iceland for a wholesale immigration to this country; that partial arrangements have already been made to this end; and that twenty-five thousand of them have resolved to settle in Northern Michigan, and on the islands of Green Bay, where ample lands have been secured by their agents. The Icelanders have, during the past few years, suffered so terribly from great storms and other trying meteorological conditions, that report says they have finally made up their minds that their country, as a place of residence, is actually unendurable.

Sacramento, California, has had a sensation. The *Reporter* of that city narrated that a beautiful maiden, dressed in the height of fashion, had been discovered camping in the brush outside R— Street, and subsisting on peanuts and potatoes. The policemen immediately armed themselves and went on a journey of investigation. They found the innocent young thing, but, alas, for the romance of it! she was over thirty years old, so drunk that she couldn't articulate, and as for her dress, it was like that of the man who kissed the maiden all forlorn. Such was the Beautiful Unknown of Sacramento!

The Young Ladies' Christian Association is quietly doing a much-needed work, in assisting friendless and deserving young women in their efforts to support themselves. A fine-sewing department has been organized, and is now prepared to receive orders for ladies and children's under-garments, and all kinds of fine sewing, at the rooms, No. 64 Irving Place, corner of Eighteenth Street. The patronage and co-operation of ladies interested in the objects of the association are earnestly solicited.

Squirrels are so great a nuisance in California that a bounty of ten cents per head is paid for their destruction. A single hunter has killed and trapped ten thousand in one season, for which he got one thousand dollars' bounty. He sent the skins to Paris, where they sold at fifteen cents each, swelling his receipts to two thousand five hundred dollars for his captures. The skins are said to be more valuable than those of the rat or kid in the manufacture of gloves.

The *San Francisco Bulletin* gives a résumé of the wine-crop of California for 1871. Grapes, with some trifling drawback from sun-burning, are extraordinarily abundant. The product of Los Angeles County is estimated at 1,250,000 gallons; Sonoma, 1,250,000; Napa, 500,000. The increase of production in the foot-hill counties is very great. The total vintage of the State is set down at 8,000,000 gallons, with from 180,000 to 200,000 gallons of brandy to be added.

Whenever Burke found himself indisposed, he ordered a kettle of water to be kept boiling, of which he drank large quantities, sometimes as much as four or five quarts in a morning, without any mixture or infusion, as hot as he could bear. Warm water, he said, would relax and nauseate, but hot water was the finest stimulant and most powerful restorative in the world. He thought it a sovereign cure for every complaint.

Consul Severn, in a report supplied by him from Rome, and recently laid before the English Parliament by the foreign office, notices the very fine qualities of Roman voices, and states that it is attributed to the mothers' swaddling their babies. When a mother is employed out-of-doors, the baby is suspended from its back to a nail in the wall, and allowed to cry for several hours together, "which continued act of crying exercises and forms the vocal organs in an extraordinary way."

A picture of life in Mexico: Two gentlemen of the highest rank in society meet in the evening in a street of the capital. "What o'clock is it, señor?" politely asks the first. The other stops, draws his revolver and covers his interlocutor, then takes out his watch and gives the desired information. Number one thanks number two, without the least surprise or remonstrance at the measure of precaution.

A letter to the *Univers* contains a story of a remarkably bulky paper having been sent to the Vatican—no one knew by whom—accompanied by a request that it should be placed in the pope's private chapel, and lit during his mass. The request was complied with, and the pope, seeing it burning in a corner of the chapel, ordered it to be immediately extinguished. It was opened after mass in his presence, and found to contain a small Orsini shell.

The chairman of an Ohio vigilance committee, who was instructed to duck an obnoxious citizen, thus reported to his constituents: "We took the thief down to the river, made a hole in the ice, and proceeded to duck him, but he slipped through our hands and hid under the ice. All our efforts to entice him to come out failed, and he has now retained his point of advantage some hours."

Here is a neat sample of a personal item from a local journal in India: "We are very glad to learn that the marriage of Mr. Rughoonathdas Madhowsdas, a Kupola Bania merchant of Bombay, with Dhuncoorbal, the daughter of Shet Gudhurdas Mohandas, and the widow of Luchmichand Dhurumsey, was celebrated at Chinchpoojy."

An Indiana cooper, finding considerable difficulty in keeping one of the heads of a cask he was finishing in its place, put his son inside to hold the head up. After completing the work much to his satisfaction, he was astonished to find his boy inside the cask, and with no possibility of getting out except through the bung-hole!

The last census of Japan gives the number of inhabitants at 34,785,321. Of these 1,872,959 are engaged in literature and the military service, and 31,954,821 belong to the trading and working classes. The number of priests of Buddha amounts to 244,869, and that of priests of Shintu to 163,140. The receipts of the government are estimated at \$300,000,000.

People who go to Switzerland should be careful about bathing in the Lake of Wallenstadt. We are informed that "a number of persons," excursionists probably, who ventured to swim in this water in the course of the season, never came out of it, either dead or alive, and the matter has at last been made the subject of a serious investigation. As

tending toward a solution of the mystery, we are told that several fishes of an enormous size have recently been observed gambolling in the loch, but "no one can at present give any accurate description of these monsters of the deep."

A Harvard graduate, who had been more devoted to terrestrial than celestial studies during his course, at his final examination in physics was asked: "Mr. —, what planets were known to the ancients?" "Well, sir," he responded, "there were Venus and Jupiter, and"—after a pause—"I think the earth, but I'm not quite certain."

The Mammoth Cave is offered for sale for five hundred thousand dollars, and a number of capitalists in Louisville, Kentucky, are talking of forming a company and buying it, putting up a new and splendid hotel on the premises in place of the present rickety old frame, and improving the property.

Italy, during the school-year from 1870 to 1871, had 38,300 public schools, with 1,577,654 pupils. Of the teachers, 2,092 were ladies. Public schools are more numerous in the northern part of that country than in the southern. While the province of Turin contains 2,968, that of Caltanissetta has only 141.

The following epitaph, in a cemetery at Oswego, New York, shows that the bereaved parents had rather mixed notions on the subject of dual existence:

"Here lies my two children dear,
One in Ireland and the other here."

One cord of wood cut and split fine and corded up beneath a shelter while it is yet green, will furnish more heat after it has become seasoned than two cords of the same kind of wood which has been continually exposed to the alternate influences of storms and sunshine.

Young ladies are advised always to untie and well examine any anonymous bouquet or basket of flowers which they may receive. A lady was about throwing away some flowers recently, and discovered a note containing an offer of marriage from a very bashful lover.

A Chinese drama, now running in San Francisco, has been in progress one hundred and sixty-four years in China, and twelve years in this country, and has only got to the middle of the second act. A little is played every night.

The drainage system for New Orleans, when carried out, will increase the limits of that city to the size of combined New York and Brooklyn. The space will be large enough to accommodate a population of two millions.

Younger brother—"What's the matter, Mary; are you unhappy because neither of those fellows you were flirting with at croquet yesterday proposed to you?" Mary—"Both did, Tom; and I said yes to the wrong one."

Dr. Johnson once silenced a notorious female backbiter, who was condemning some of her friends for painting their cheeks, by the remark that "it is a far less harmful thing for a lady to redder her own complexion than to blacken her neighbor's."

Eyes have they, yet see not—needles.
Ears have they, yet hear not—old book-leaves.
Tongues have they, yet taste not—buckles.
Hearts have they, yet pity not—cabbage.
Arms have they, yet toil not—chairs.
Hands have they, yet steal not—clocks.
Legs have they, yet walk not—tables.
Teeth have they, yet chew not—combs.
Lips have they, yet kiss not—pitchers.

A young lady, residing in Ellsworth, Maine, recently rowed a boat from Hancock to Bar Harbor, eight miles, with another lady in her boat, in one hour and fifteen minutes.

A few weeks since we copied an illustration from the forthcoming humorous work, "Brown, Jones, and Robinson, in America." This week we select, from the same work, a comic delineation of an attempt on the part of the worthy trio to cross Broadway at the corner of Vesey Street, where the throng of vehicles is always the greatest. The buildings shown in the engraving the reader will recognize as the well-known *Herald* structure and the Park Bank.



BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON, IN AMERICA.

Returned to the City, B. J. & R. attempt a Passage more perilous than that of the Atlantic, to wit—Crossing Broadway when the Tide of Travel is at its Height.

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